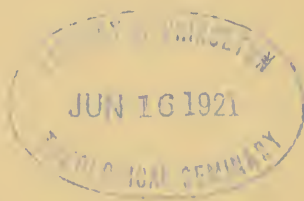


OCEAN GROVE
CHRISTIAN
SONGS



Division

SCC

Section

5212



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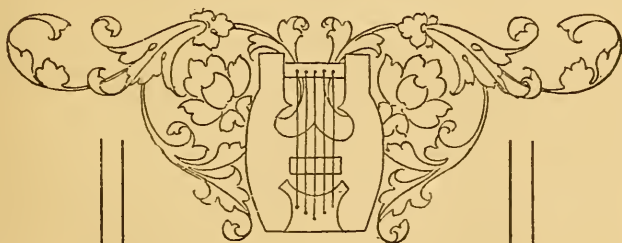
704
of #98

Hyp. 172-191 and
Responsive Readings,
add.

✓
OCEAN
GROVE

CHRISTIAN SONGS

and Responsive Readings



REVISED
EDITION

Published by

Tali Esen Morgan

Ocean Grove, N. J.
1947 Broadway, N. Y.

THOMAS KEN.

OLD HUNDRED.

GUILLAUME FRANC.

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise Him, all crea - tures here be - low ;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host ; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth. And in Jesus Christ His only begotten Son our Lord: who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; the third day He rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

GLORIA PATRI.

CHARLES MEINEKE.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost, As it

was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men.

OCEAN GROVE

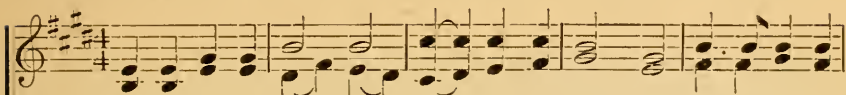
CHRISTIAN SONGS



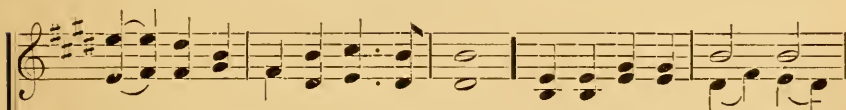
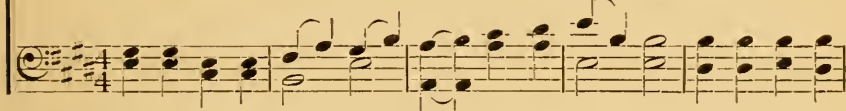
No. 1. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!

REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

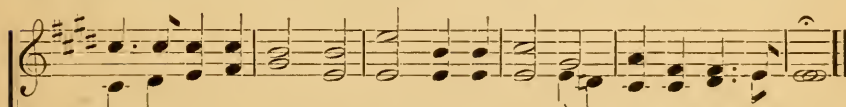
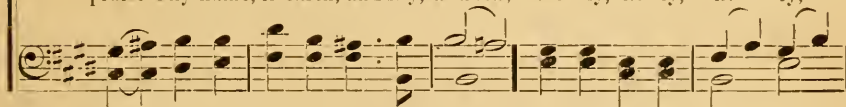
REV. JOHN. B. DYKES.



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Casting down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall



morn - ing our songs shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
golden crowns around the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bin and sera - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly;
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,



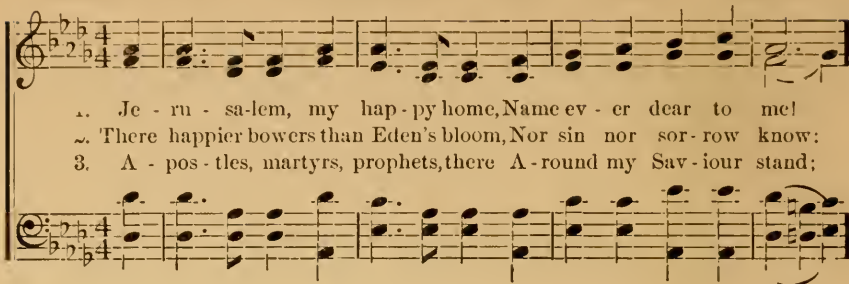
mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
there is none beside Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!



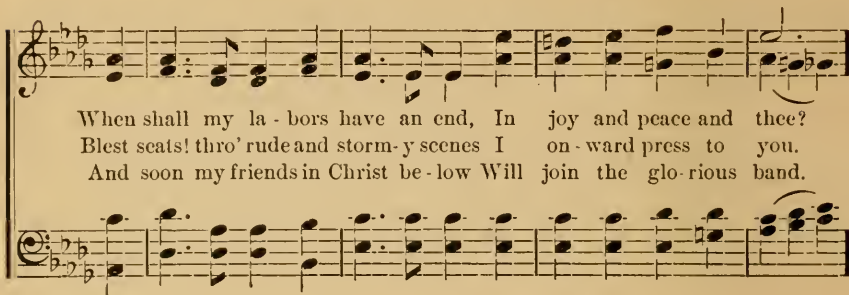
No. 2. JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME.

"Eckington Collection," about 1796. (MATERNA. C. M. D.)

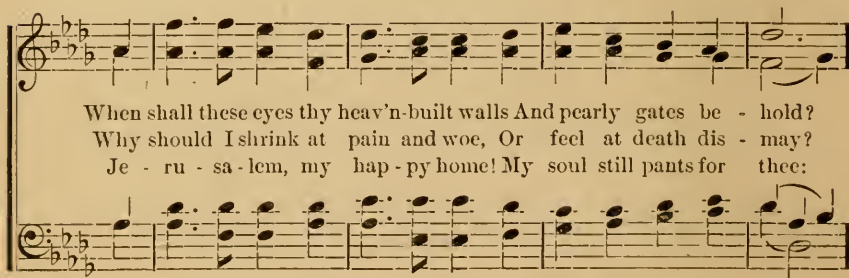
SAMUEL A. WARD, 1782.



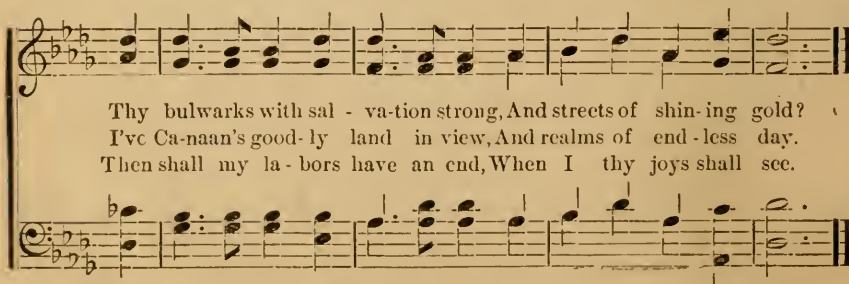
1. Je - ru - sa-lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me!
 2. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row know;
 3. A - pos - tles, martyrs, prophets, there A - round my Sav - iour stand;



When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace and thee?
 Blest seats! thro' rude and storm-y scenes I on - ward press to you.
 And soon my friends in Christ be - low Will join the glo - rious band.



When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls And pearly gates be - hold?
 Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dis - may?
 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! My soul still pants for thee:



Thy bulwarks with sal - va-tion strong, And streets of shin-ing gold?
 I've Ca-naan's good-ly land in view, And realms of end-less day.
 Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

No. 3.

CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

JAMES ELLOR.

ff

1. All hail the pow - er of Je - sus name, Let an - gels prostrate
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - ra - el's race, Ye ransomed from the
 3. Let ev - ery kin - dred, ev - ery tribe, On this ter - res - trial
 4. O that with you - der sa - ered throng We at His feet may

fall, Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem.
 fall, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 ball, On this ter - res - trial ball; To Him al ma - jes - ty a - scribe,
 fall! We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song.

REFRAIN.

Crown Him.

And Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him,

Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him,

Crown Him,

Crown Him,

Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

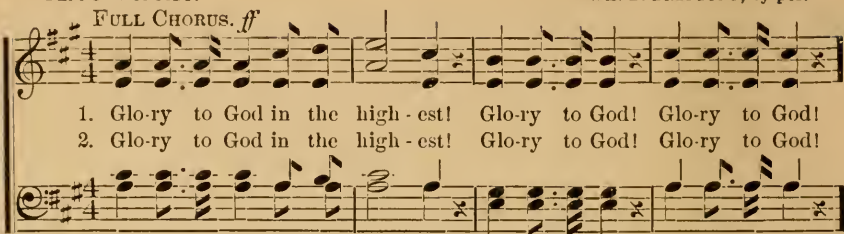
rall.

No. 4. GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

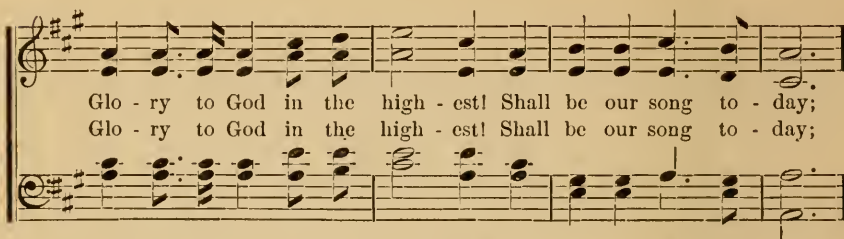
FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

FULL CHORUS. *ff*

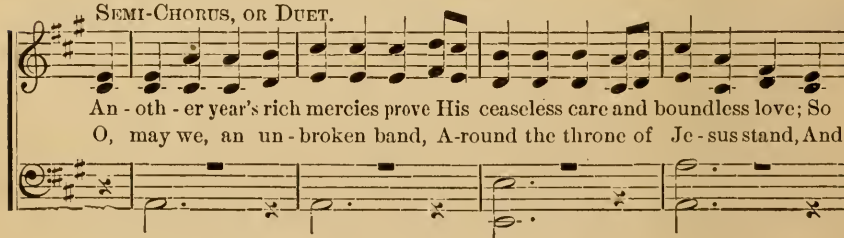


1. Glo-ry to God in the high - est! Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God!
2. Glo-ry to God in the high - est! Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God!

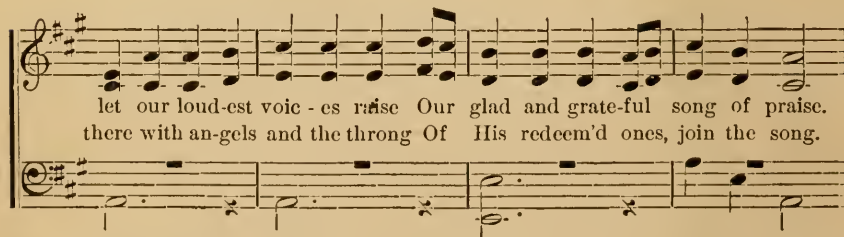


Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Shall be our song to - day;
Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Shall be our song to - day;

SEMI-CHORUS, OR DUET.

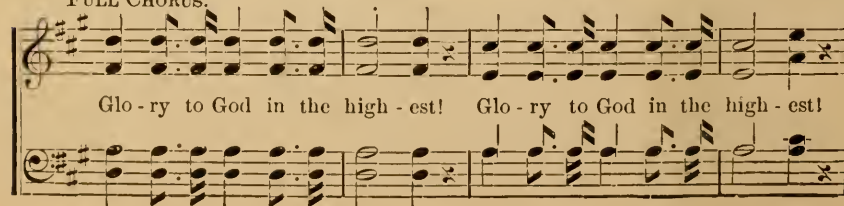


An - oth - er year's rich mercies prove His ceaseless care and boundless love; So
O, may we, an un - broken band, A-round the throne of Je - sus stand, And



let our loud-est voic - es raise Our glad and grate-ful song of praise.
there with an-gels and the throng Of His redeem'd ones, join the song.

FULL CHORUS.



Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God in the high - est!

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

f *ff* 1 2

Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God on high! God on high!

No. 5. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

MONTGOMERY.

KOSCHAT.

Slowly and sustained. Alto prominent.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know;
2. Thro' the val-ley of the Shad-ow of death though I stray,

I feed in green pas-tures, safe fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my
Since Thou art my Guardian no e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-

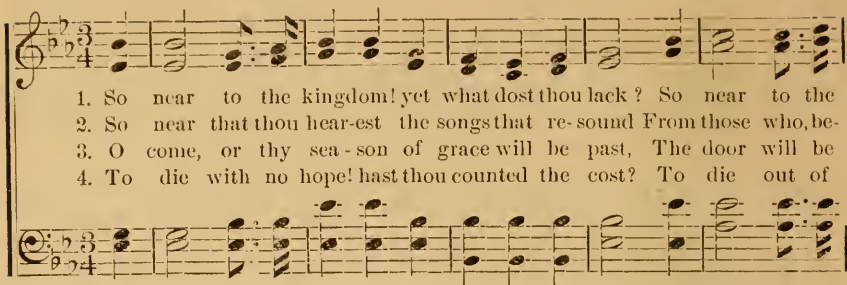
soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-
fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be-fall with my

rit.
deems when oppress'd, Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when op-press'd.
Com-fort-er near, No harm can be-fall with my Com-fort-er near.

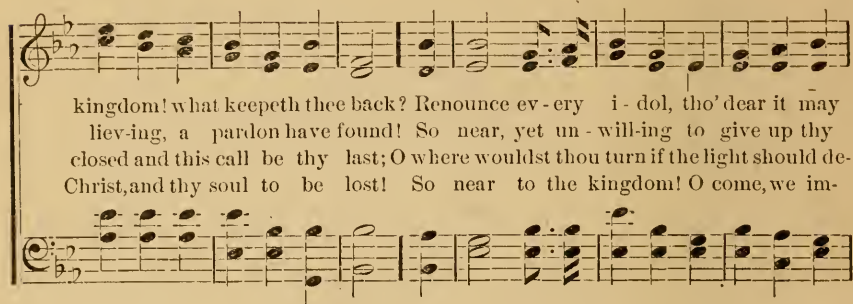
No. 6. SO NEAR TO THE KINGDOM.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

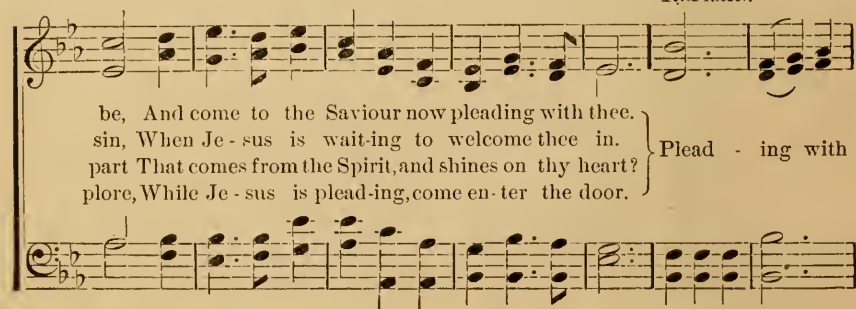


1. So near to the kingdom! yet what dost thou lack? So near to the
 2. So near that thou hear-est the songs that re-sound From those who, be-
 3. O come, or thy sea-son of grace will be past, The door will be
 4. To die with no hope! hast thou counted the cost? To die out of



kingdom! what keepeth thee back? Renounce ev-ery i-dol, tho' dear it may
 liev-ing, a pardon have found! So near, yet un-will-ing to give up thy
 closed and this call be thy last; O where wouldst thou turn if the light should de-
 Christ, and thy soul to be lost! So near to the kingdom! O come, we im-

REFRAIN.



be, And come to the Saviour now pleading with thee.
 sin, When Je-sus is wait-ing to welcome thee in.
 part That comes from the Spirit, and shines on thy heart? } Plead - ing with
 plore, While Je-sus is plead-ing, come en-ter the door. }

Pleading with thee,



thee,..... The Sav-iour is plead-ing, is plead ing with thee.
 plead-ing with thee.

No. 7.

JOHN NEWTON.

ZION CITY.

JOHANN SCHOPE.

Moderato.

1. { Glorious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God; }
He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode; }

2. { See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love, }
Still sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move: }

3. { Round each hab - i - ta - tion hovering, See the eloud and fire ap - pear, }
For a glo - ry and a covering, Showing that the Lord is near! }

On the Rock of a - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows our thirst t' assuage?
He who gives us dai - ly man - na, He who lis - tens when we ery,

With sal - va - tion's walls surrounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
Let Him hear the loud ho - san - na Ris - ing to His throne on high.

No. 7B.

RESPONSE.

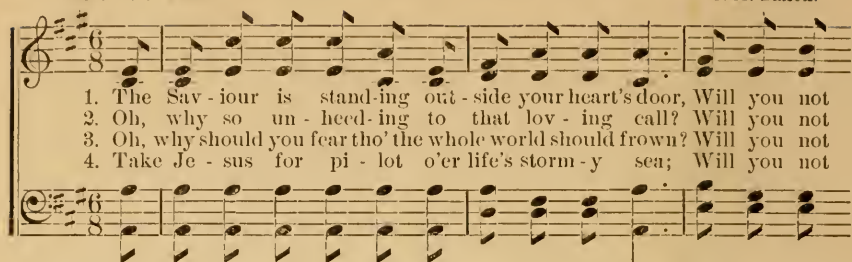
pp *sf* *pp sostenuto.* The "Elijah."

O - pen the heavens and send us relief: Help, help Thy peo - ple now, O God.

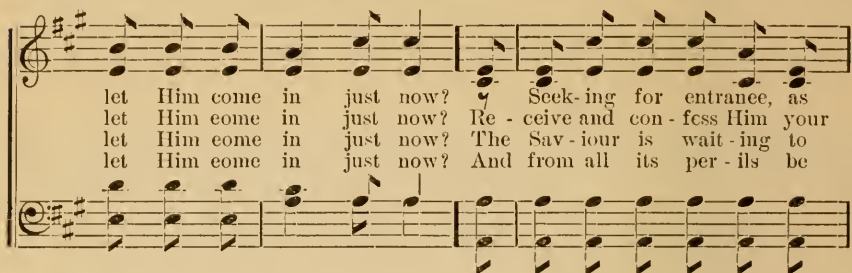
No. 8. LET THE DEAR SAVIOUR COME IN.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.



1. The Sav - iour is stand - ing out - side your heart's door, Will you not
 2. Oh, why so un - heed - ing to that lov - ing call? Will you not
 3. Oh, why should you fear tho' the whole world should frown? Will you not
 4. Take Je - sus for pi - lot o'er life's storm - y sea; Will you not

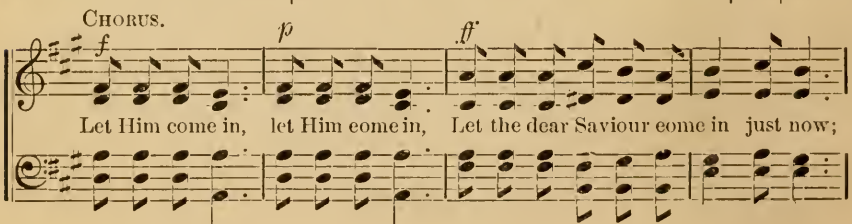


let Him come in just now? Seek - ing for entrance, as
 let Him come in just now? Re - ceive and con - fess Him your
 let Him come in just now? The Sav - iour is wait - ing to
 let Him come in just now? And from all its per - ils be

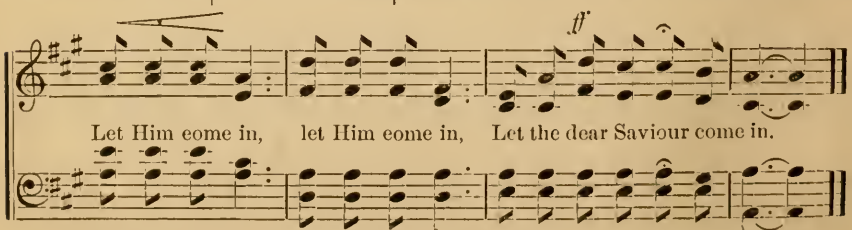


oft - en be - fore, Will you not let Him come in?
 Lord be - fore all— Will you not let Him come in?
 give you a crown, Will you not let Him come in?
 ev - er - more free— Will you not let Him come in?

CHORUS.



Let Him come in, let Him come in, Let the dear Saviour come in just now;



Let Him come in, let Him come in, Let the dear Saviour come in.

SOLO, OR SOPRANO AND ALTO IN UNISON.

1. Wea-ry, wea-ry, for rest my soul doth sigh. Longing, longing, for
 2. Wea-ry, so wea-ry, of battling sin a-lone. Cry-ing, cry-ing, for

life with God on high; Tired of bat-tles and strife.
 God to take me home; Wait-ing and striv-ing, and long-ing

CHORUS. *pp* *f*

So weary, so weary of life; Tired of battles and strife,
 for peace that does not come; Waiting and striving and long-ing

CHORUS. *pp* CHORUS. *S: p* *First time, SOLO.*

So weary, so weary of life. (Inst.) O, troubled soul,
 for peace that does not come,

f *p.* *Legato. D.S. for CHORUS.*

fight on, fight on, Heav'n comes at last, and then all sor-row is past.

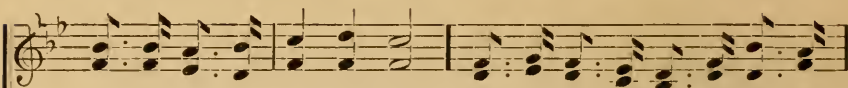
No. 10. BEAUTIFUL LAND OF SONG.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

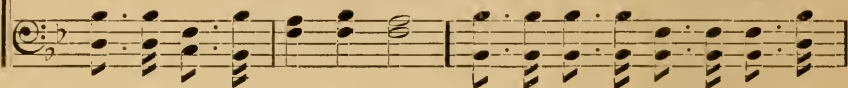
J. M. BLACK.



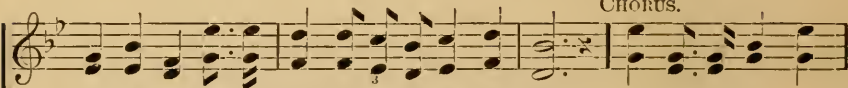
1. There's a joy that brightens ev - 'ry earth - ly day, While we work for
2. Reach a help - ing hand to those who faint and die; Strike a blow for
3. When our earth - ly tri - als and our con - flicts cease, When we find the



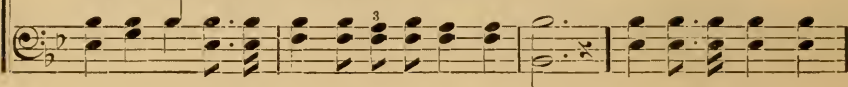
Je - sus with a cour - age strong; 'Tis the blest re - ward that fad - eth
vic - t'ry o - ver sin and wrong; Win a soul for Je - sus, and a
dear ones we have loved so long, There'll be crowns of glo - ry, there'll be



CHORUS.



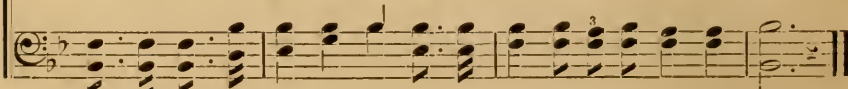
not a - way, In that bright, beautiful land of song. } Sing on the homeward
home on high, In that bright, beautiful land of song. }
joy and peace, In that bright, beautiful land of song. }



way, Sing with the gath'ring throng; .. We shall find the
homeward way, Sing with the gath'ring, gath'ring throng,



cit - y of E - ter - nal Day In that bright, beautiful land of song



No. 11. WE PLOUGH THE FIELDS.

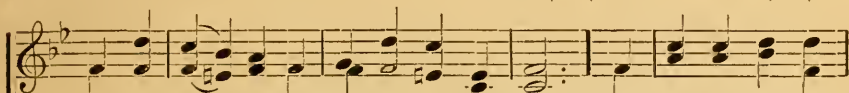
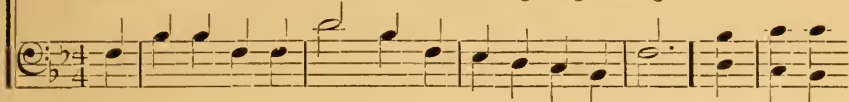
MARTIN CLAUDIUS. (1782).

JOHANN A. P. SCHULZ.

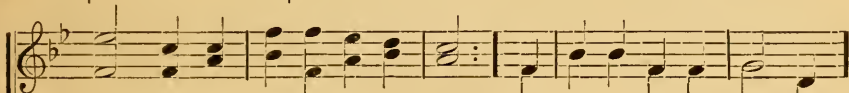
ff Allegro.



1. We plough the fields, and scat-ter The good seed on the land, But it is
2. He on - ly is the Mak - er Of all things near and far; He paints the
3. We thank Thee, then, O Father, For all things bright and good, The seed-time



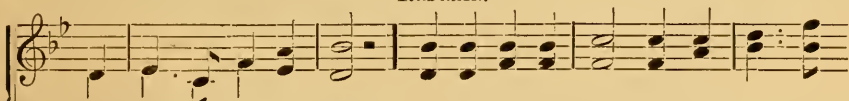
fed and watered By God's al - might-y hand; He sends the snow in
way-side flow - er, He lights the eve - ning star; The winds and waves o -
and the harvest, Our life, our health, our food: No gifts have we to



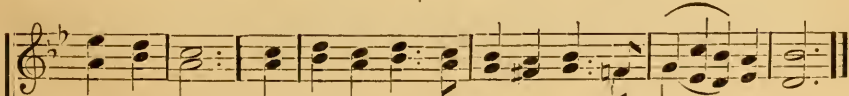
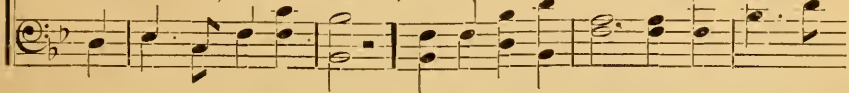
win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breezes and the sun - shine,
bey Him, By Him the birds are fed; Much more to us, His chil - dren,
of - fer, For all Thy love im - parts, But that which Thou de - sir - est,



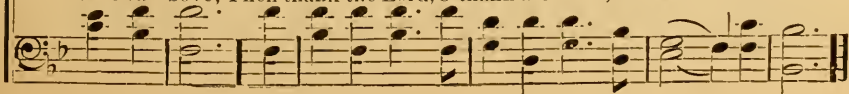
REFRAIN.



And soft re - fresh - ing rain. }
He gives our dai - ly bread. } All good gifts a - round us, Are sent from
Our hum - ble, thankful hearts. }



heaven a - bove; Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all . . . His love.



With gentleness.

1. A beau-ti-ful land by faith I see, A land of rest from sorrow free,
 2. That beauti-ful land, the City of light, It ne'er has known the shades of night;
 3. In vi-sion I see its streets of gold, Its beau-ti-ful gates I, too, behold
 4. The heav-en-ly throng ar-ray'd in white, In rapture range the plains of light;

The home of the ransomed, bright and fair, And beautiful angels too, are there.
 The glo-ry of God, the light of day Hath driven the darkness far a-way.
 The riv-er of life, the crys-tal sea, The health-giving fruit of life's fair tree.
 And in one harmonious choir they praise Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.

CHORUS.

Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beau-ti-ful land with me?

Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beau-ti-ful land?

OPENING SENTENCE.

* * *

pp The Lord is in His ho-ly temple, Let all the earth keep silence be-fore Him!
p

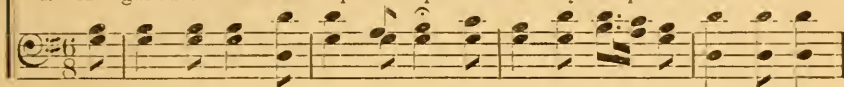
No. 13. JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

EMMA CAMPBELL.

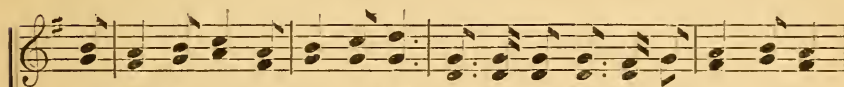
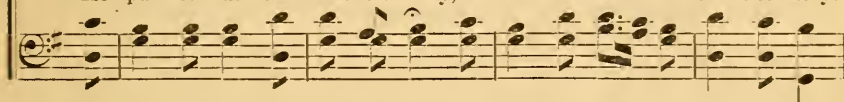
THEO. E. PERKINS.



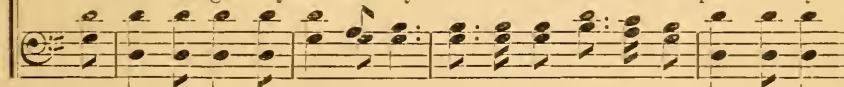
1. What means this eager anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste a-long—
2. Who is this Je-sus? Why should He The cit-y move so migh-ti-ly?
3. Je-sus! 'tis He who once be-low Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
4. A-gain He comes! From place to place His ho-ly footprints we can trace.



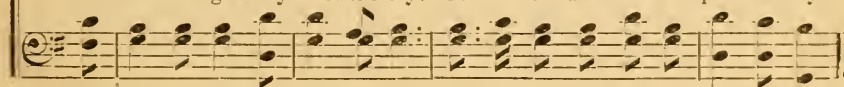
These wondrous gatherings day by day? What means this strange commotion, pray?
A pass-ing stranger, has He skill To move the mul-ti-tude at will?
And burdened ones, where'er He came, Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame,
He paus-eth at our threshold—nay, He en-ters—con-de scends to stay.



In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
A-gain the stir-ring notes re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
Shall we not glad-ly raise the cry: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by?"



In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
A-gain the stir-ring notes re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
Shall we not glad-ly raise the cry: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by?"



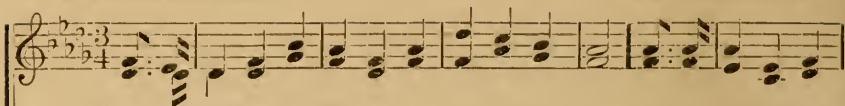
5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come?
Here's pardon, comfort, rest and home,
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace,
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*"

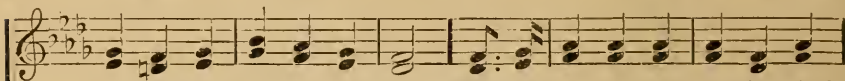
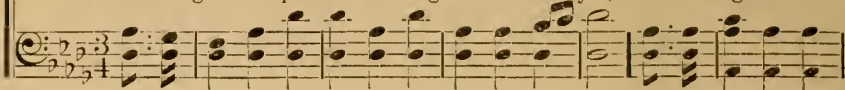
No. 14. WHEN THE CURTAINS ARE LIFTED.

Mrs. ANNIE WHITTENMYER.

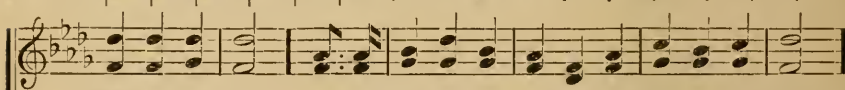
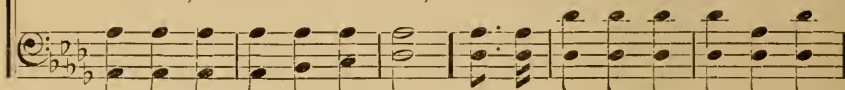
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



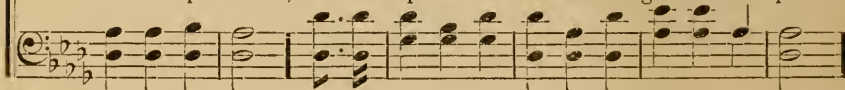
1. When the curtains are lift-ed, Oh, what shall I see? Will my Lord with His
2. Will the heav-en - ly cit - y Burst full on my sight; And the throne of His
3. Now the fu - ture is hid-den, I see but a pace, Yet it may be I'm
4. When His glorified presence Shall gladden mine eyes, I'll be changed and be



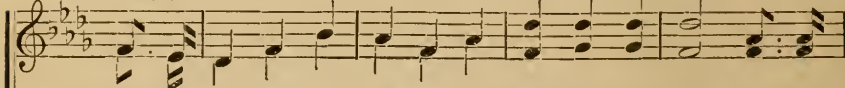
an - gels Be wait-ing for me? Will He wel-come my com-ing, And
glo - ry, That giv - eth it light; Will the feet torn and wea - ry Reach
near-ing The end of the race; It will mat - ter but lit - tle What
like Him, And with Him a - rise; And the hands hard with la - bor A



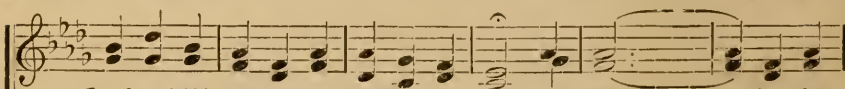
crown me His own, With the saints of all a - ges, That eir-cle His throne?
pavements of gold, And the eyes red with weeping The Saviour be-hold?
chang-es may come, If my Lord with His angels Shall welcome me home.
vic-tor's palm raise; And the lips tuned to sor-row Sing anthems of praise.



CHORUS.



- (1, 2, 3.) When the cur - tains are lift - ed, Oh, what shall I see? Will my
(4.) When the eur - tains are lift - ed, Oh, what shall I see, That my



Lord and His an - gels be waiting for me, Be wait - - - ing, be
Lord and His an - gels are waiting for me, Are wait - - - ing, are
Be wait-ing for me? be
Are wait-ing for me? are



WHEN THE CURTAINS ARE LIFTED.

1

ad lib.

wait - - - ing, Will my Lord and His angels be wait-ing for me?
 wait - - - ing, That my Lord and His angels are wait-ing for me!
 wait - ing for me?

No. 15.

BRING THEM IN.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN. By per.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
 2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the lit-tle lambs to find?
 3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high,

Calling the lambs who've gone astray, Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.
 Who'll bring the lost and to the fold, Where they'll be shelter'd from the cold?
 Hark! is the Master speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs where'er they be."

CHORUS.

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

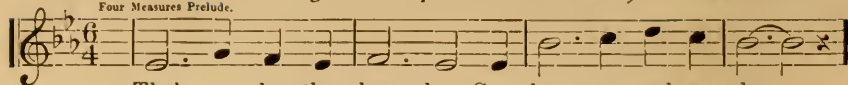
Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je-sus.

SOPRANO.

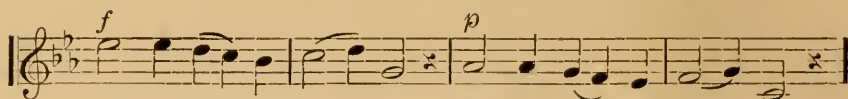
(Full original accompaniment can be used.)

CHAS. GOUNOD.

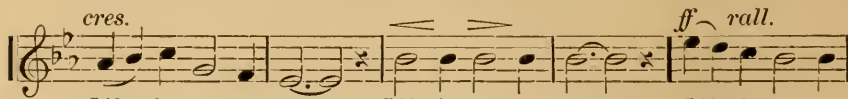
Four Measures Prelude.



Tho' poor be the cham - ber, Come here, come and a - dore:

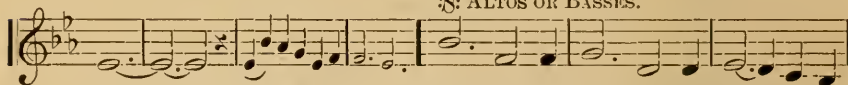


Lo! the Lord of heav - en Hath to mor - tals giv - en

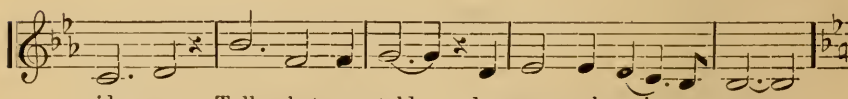


Life for-ev - er - more, Life for-ev - er - more. Life for-ev - er -

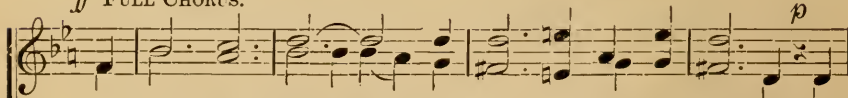
;S: ALTOS OR BASSES.



more..... *Instrument.* 1. Shepherds who fold - ed your flocks be -
 2. Kings from a far land, draw near and be -
 3. Wind to the ce - dars, proclaim the joyful



side you, Tell what was told by an - gel voi - ces near.
 hold Him, Led by the star whose war - n - ing bade ye come.
 sto - ry, Wave of the sea, the tid - ings bear a - far.

ff FULL CHORUS.

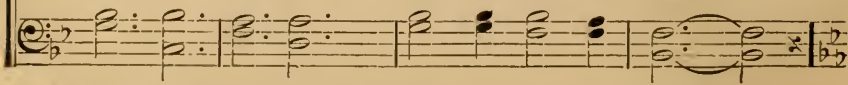
To you this night (this night) is born He who will guide you To
 Your crowns cast down,.....with robe roy - al en - fold Him, Your
 The night is gone,.....be - hold in all its glo - ry, All



To you this night is



paths of peace, to liv - ing wa - ters clear.....
 king de - scends to earth from bright - er skies.....
 broad and bright, now rises the morn - ing star.....



NAZARETH.

ff All parts after each verse.

Tho' poor be the chamber, Come here, come and adore; Lo! the Lord of

D.S.

heav - en Hath to mor-tals giv - en Life for-ev - er - more.

After last verse only.

cres.

ff > rall. >

Life for-ev - er - more, Life for-ev - er - more.....

No. 17.

LIFE ETERNAL.

WM. J. IRONS.

WM. L. VINER.

Fine.

1. { Sing with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the res - ur - rec - tion song! }
2. { Death and sor row, earth's dark sto - ry, To the form - er days be - long: }
2. { Oh, what glo - ry, far ex - ceed - ing All that eye has yet perceived! }
2. { Ho - liest hearts for a - ges pleading, Nev - er that full joy conceived. }

D.C.—1. In God's like-ness, man a - wak - ing, Knows the ev - er - last - ing peace.

D.C.—2. Ev - ery hum - ble spir - it shares it, Christ has passed th' eter - nal gates.

D.C.

All a - round the clouds are breaking, Soon the storms of time shall cease,
God has promised, Christ prepares it, There on high our welcome waits.

3 Life eternal! heaven rejoices,
Jesus lives who once was dead;
Join, O man, the deathless voices,
Child of God, lift up thy head!
Patriarchs from the distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heaven,
Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sages,
All await the glory given.

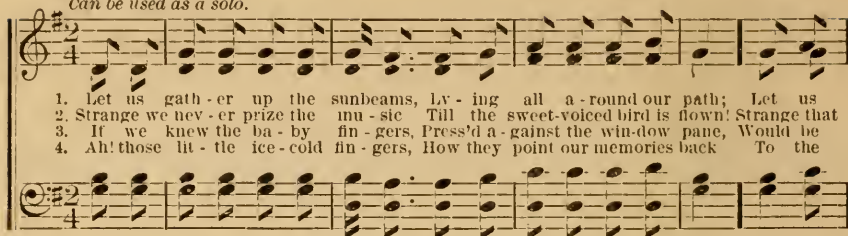
4 Life eternal! O what wonders
Crowd on faith; what joy unknown,
When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
Saints shall stand before the throne!
O to enter that bright portal,
See that glowing firmament,
Know, with Thee, O God immortal,
"Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent!"

No. 18. SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Mrs. ALBERT SMITH.

S. J. VAILL, by per.

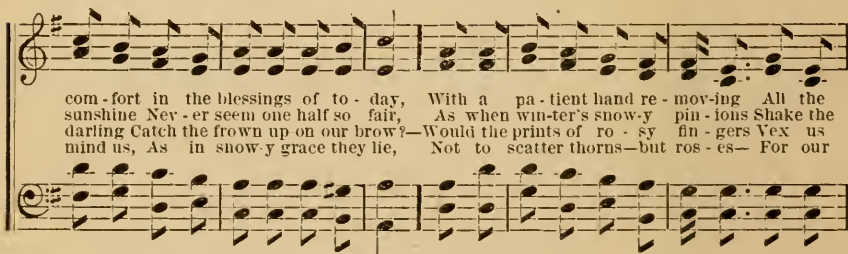
Can be used as a solo.



1. Let us gath - er up the sunbeams, Ly - ing all a - round our path; Let us
 2. Strange we nev - er prize the mu - sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is down! Strange that
 3. If we knew the ba - by fin - gers, Press'd a - gainst the win - dow pane, Would be
 4. Ah! those lit - tle ice - cold fin - gers, How they point our memories back To the

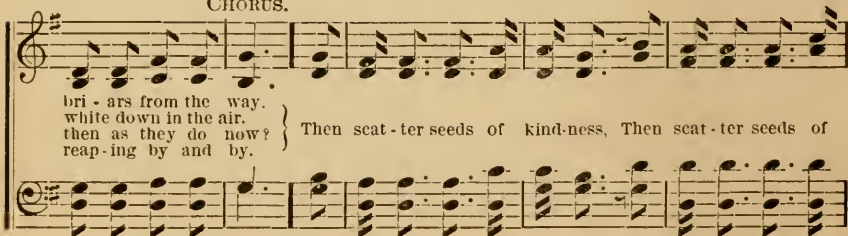


keep the wheat and ros es, Cast - ing out the thorns and chaff, Let us find our sweetest
 we should slight the violets Till the love - ly flowers are gone! Strange that summer skies and
 cold and stiff to morrow— Nev - er trou - ble us a - gain— Would the bright eyes of our
 hast - y words and actions Strewn a - long our backward track! How those lit - tle hands re -



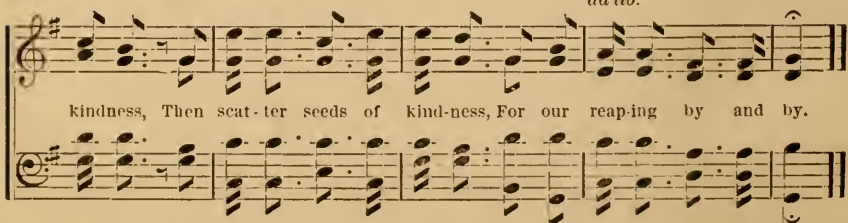
com - fort in the blessings of to - day, With a pa - tient hand re - mov - ing All the
 sunshine Nev - er seem one half so fair, As when win - ter's snow - y pin - ions Shake the
 darling Catch the frown up on our brow?— Would the prints of ro - sy fin - gers Vex us
 mind us, As in snow - y grace they lie, Not to scatter thorns— but ros - es— For our

CHORUS.



bri - ars from the way.
 white down in the air.
 then as they do now? } Then scat - ter seeds of kind - ness, Then scat - ter seeds of
 reap - ing by and by.

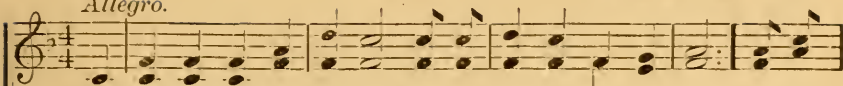
ad lib.



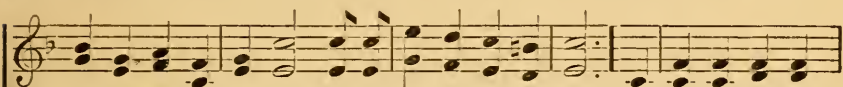
kindness, Then scat - ter seeds of kind - ness, For our reap - ing by and by.

S. W. M.

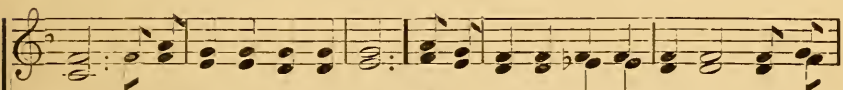
S. WESLEY MARTIN. By per.

Allegro.


1. The gos-pel bells are ring-ing O-ver land from sea to sea; Blessed
 2. The gos-pel bells in-vite us To a feast prepared for all; Do not
 3. The gos-pel bells are joy-ful, As they ech-o far and wide, Bearing

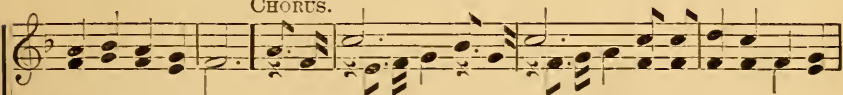


news of free sal-va-tion Do they of-fer you and me, 'For God so loved the
 slight the in-vi-ta-tion, Nor re-ject the gracious call. "I am the bread of
 notes of perfect par-don, Thro' a Saviour cru-ci-fied. "Good tidings of great



world That His on-ly Son He gave, Wlo-so-e'er be-liev-eth in Him Ev-er-
 life; Eat of Me, thou hungry soul; Tho' your sins be red as crimson, They shall
 joy To all peo-ple I do bring Un-to you is born a Saviour, Which is

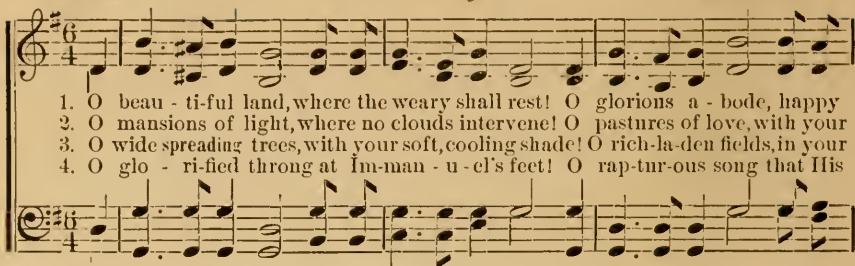
CHORUS.



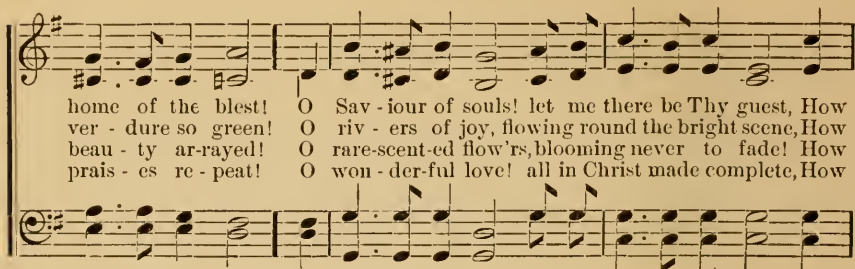
lasting life shall have." } Gospel bells, how they ring, Over land from sea to
 be as white as wool." } Gospel bells, how they ring,
 Christ, the Lord and King."



sea, Gos pel bells, free-ly bring Blessed news to you and me.
 Gos-pel bells, free-ly bring

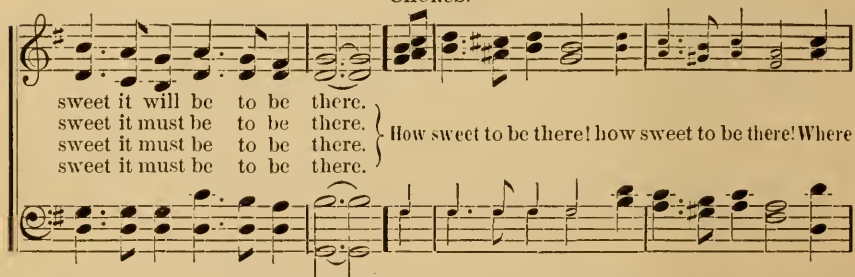


1. O beau - ti - ful land, where the weary shall rest! O glorions a - bode, happy
 2. O mansions of light, where no clouds intervene! O pastures of love, with your
 3. O wide spreading trees, with your soft, cooling shade! O rich-la-den fields, in your
 4. O glo - ri - fied throng at Im-man - u - el's feet! O rap-tur-ous song that His



home of the blest! O Sav - iour of souls! let me there be Thy guest, How
 ver - dure so green! O riv - ers of joy, flowing round the bright scene, How
 beau - ty ar-rayed! O rare-scent-ed flow'rs, blooming never to fade! How
 prais - es re - peat! O won - der-ful love! all in Christ made complete, How

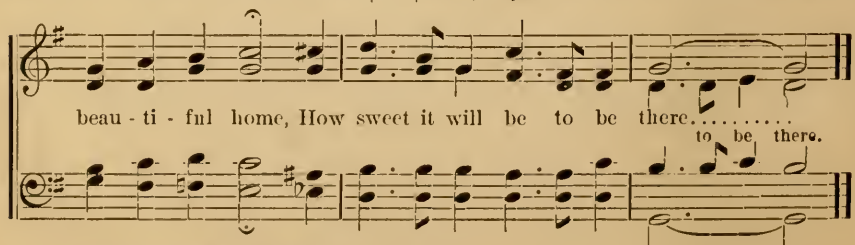
CHORUS.



sweet it will be to be there.
 sweet it must be to be there.
 sweet it must be to be there.
 sweet it must be to be there. } How sweet to be there! how sweet to be there! Where



all is so love - ly and fair, Not a sor - row shall come to that



beau - ti - ful home, How sweet it will be to be there.....
 to be there.

No. 21.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

BERNARD OF CLUNY, 1145 A. D.

ALEX. EWING.

p *cres.*

1 Je - ru - salem the golden, With milk and honey blest, Beneath thy con-tem-
 2. There is the throne of David; And there from care released, The shout of them that
 3. O sweet and blessed country. The home of God's elect! O sweet and blessed

p *f*

pla-tion Sink heart and voice oppressed. I know not O I know not What
 triumph, The song of them that feast. And they who with their lead-er Have
 country, That ea-ger hearts ex-pect! Je - sus, in mer-cy bring us To

ff *p*

joys await us there, What ra-dian-cy of glo-ry, What bliss beyond compare.
 conquered in the fight, For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
 that dear land of rest; Who art, with God the Father, And Spirit, ev-er blest.

No. 22. TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

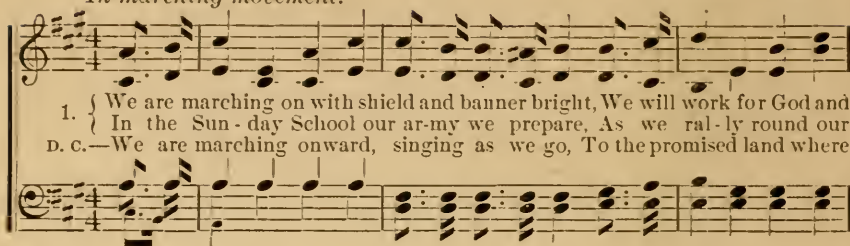
Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. To - day the Saviour calls; Ye wand'ers, come: O ye, benighted souls. Why longer roam?
 2. To - day the Saviour calls; O hear ye Him now: Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow.
 3. To - day the Saviour calls; For refuge fly: The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.
 4. To - day the Saviour calls; Yield to His power, O grieve Him not away, 'Tis mercy's hour.

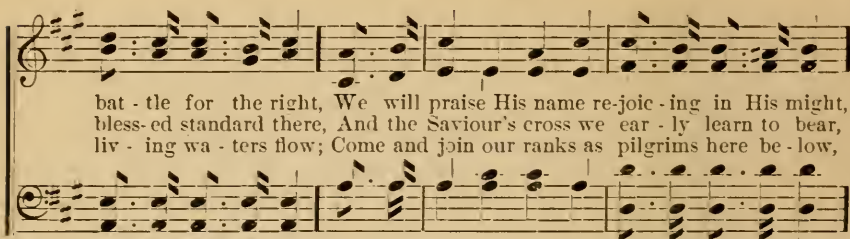
No. 23. WITH SHIELD AND BANNER BRIGHT.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

In marching movement.



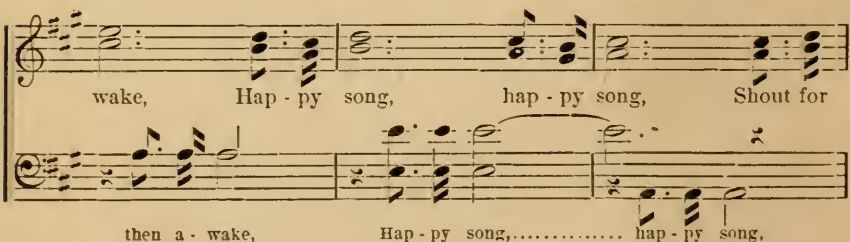
1. { We are marching on with shield and banner bright, We will work for God and
 { In the Sun-day School our ar-my we prepare, As we ral-ly round our
 D. C.—We are marching onward, singing as we go, To the promised land where



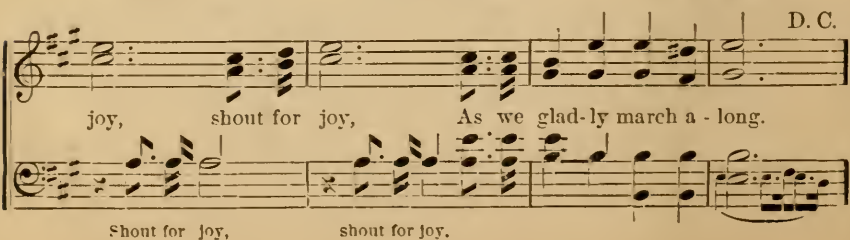
bat-tle for the right, We will praise His name re-joic-ing in His might,
 bless-ed standard there, And the Savi-our's cross we ear-ly learn to bear,
 liv-ing wa-ters flow; Come and join our ranks as pilgrims here be-low,



Fine.
 And we'll work till Je-sus calls. }
 While we work till Je-sus calls. } Then a-wake, then a-
 Come and work till Je-sus calls.



wake, Hap-py song, hap-py song, Shout for
 then a-wake, Hap-py song,..... hap-py song,



joy, shout for joy, As we glad-ly march a-long. D. C.
 Shout for joy, shout for joy.

WITH SHIELD AND BANNER BRIGHT.

2.

We are marching on, our, Captain ever near,
Will protect us still, His gentle voice we hear:
Let the foe advance, we'll never, never fear,
For we'll work till Jesus calls.
Then awake, awake, our happy, happy song,
We will shout for joy, and gladly march along;
In the Lord of Hosts let every heart be strong,
While we work till Jesus calls. *Cho.*

3.

We are marching on the straight and narrow way
That will lead to life and everlasting day,
To the smiling fields that never will decay,
But we'll work till Jesus calls.
We are marching on and pressing toward the prize
To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies,
To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies,
And we'll work till Jesus calls. *Cho.*

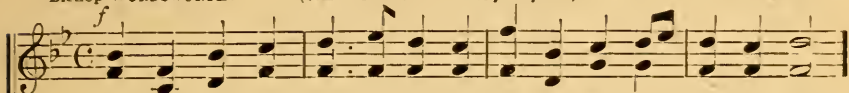
No. 24.

SEE THE CONQUEROR.

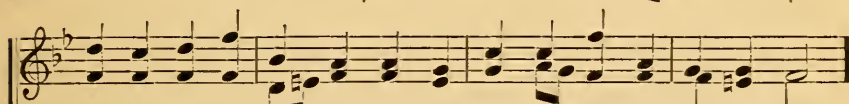
Bishop WORDSWORTH.

(REX GLORIAE. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.)

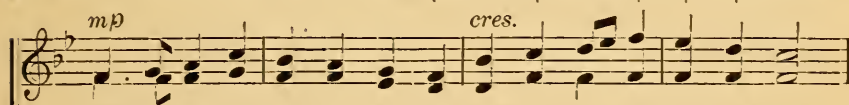
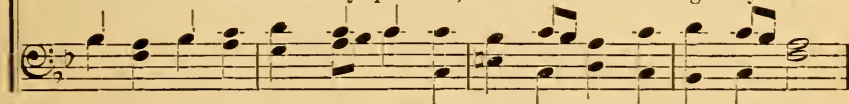
H. SMART.



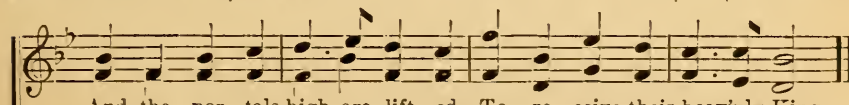
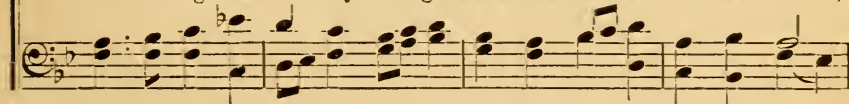
1. See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph; See the King in roy - al state,
2. Who is this that comes in glo - ry, With the trump of ju bi - lee?
3. Thou hast raised our hu - man na - ture In the clouds to God's right hand;



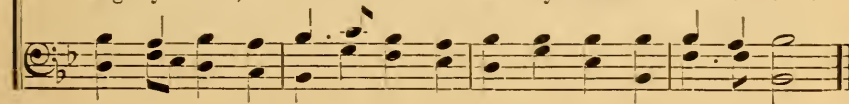
Rid - ing on the clouds, His char - iot, To His heavenly pal - ace gate.
Lord of bat - tles, God of ar - mies, He has gained the vic - to - ry:
There we sit in heav - en - ly pla - ces, There with Thee in glo - ry stand:



Hark! the choirs of an - gel voi - ces Joy - ful al - le - lu - ias sing,
He who on the cross did suf - fer, He who from the grave a - rose,
Je - sus reigns, a - dored by an - gels, Man with God is on the throne;



And the por - tals high are lift - ed To re - ceive their heav'nly King.
He has vanquished sin and Sa - tan, He by death has spoiled His foes.
Might - y Lord, in Thine as - cen - sion We by faith be - hold our own.

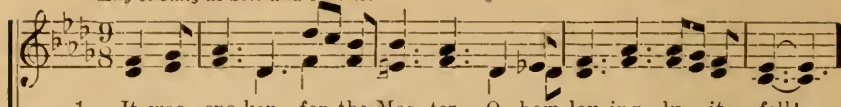


No. 25. IT WAS SPOKEN FOR THE MASTER.

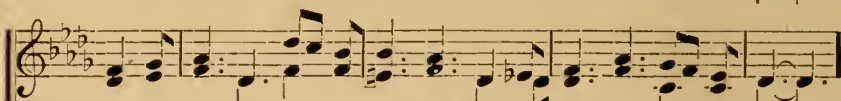
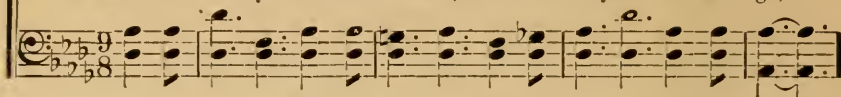
FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

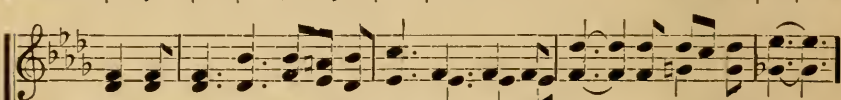
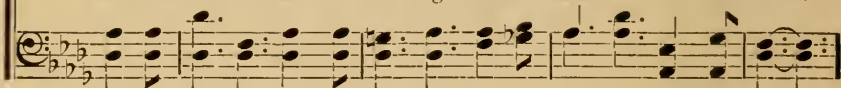
May be sung as Solo and Chorus.



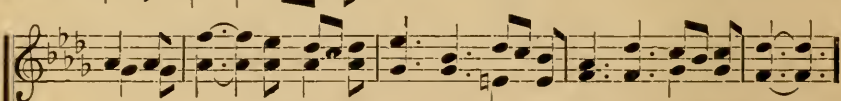
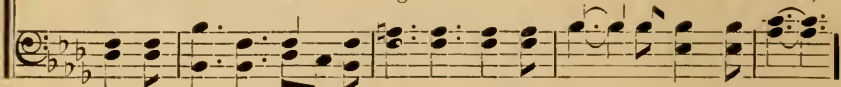
1. It was spo-ken for the Mas-ter, O how lov-ing - ly it fell!
2. O we know not when we scat-ter, Where the pre-cious seed will fall,
3. When our bus - y toil is o - ver, From the vineyard when we go,



It was ut-tered in a whis-per, Who had breath'd it none could tell.
But we work and trust in Je - sus, For He watch-eth o - ver all.
We shall find a store of blessings That on earth we could not know.



It was spo-ken for the Mas-ter, On - ly just a lit - tle word,
We may sow be - side the wa - ters Of af - lic - tion, it may be,
We shall won - der at the bright-ness Of the crowns we then shall wear,

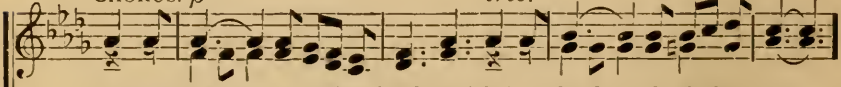


But the chords that long had slumber'd In a grief-worn heart were stirred.
But the fruits of ear-nest la - bor At the reap-ing we shall see.
But the Lord Him-self will tell us Why He placed the jew - els there.

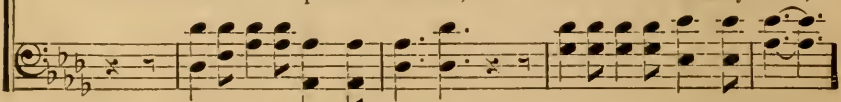


CHORUS. *p*

cres.



Gen - tle words of pa-tient kindness, Tho' un - heed - ed oft they seem,



IT WAS SPOKEN FOR THE MASTER.

f *p* *Rall.*

To the fold of grace may gather Souls of which we lit-tle dream.

No. 26.

PARTING HYMN.

J. ELLERTON.

(ELLERS, 10. 10. 10. 10.)

E. J. HOPKINS.

p *cres.*

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-
 2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be-
 3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, Thro' the com-ing night; Turn Thou for
 4. Grant us Thy peace through-out our earth - ly life, Our balm in

f *ff* *f*

cord our part-ing hymn of praise; We stand, to bless Thee,
 gan, with Thee shall end, the day; Guard Thou the lips from
 us its dark-ness in - to light; From harm and dan-ger
 sor-row and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall

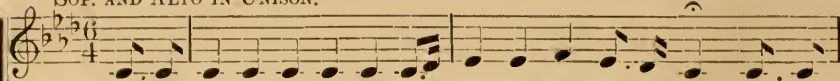
dim. *p rall.* *pp*

ere our worship cease, Then, low-ly kneel-ing, wait Thy word of peace.
 sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up-on Thy name.
 keep Thy children free; For dark and light are both a-like to Thee.
 bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e-ter-nal peace.

Mrs. C. H. M.

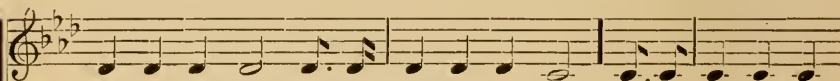
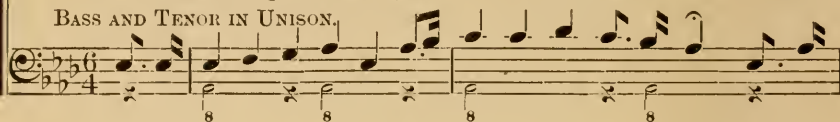
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

SOP. AND ALTO IN UNISON.

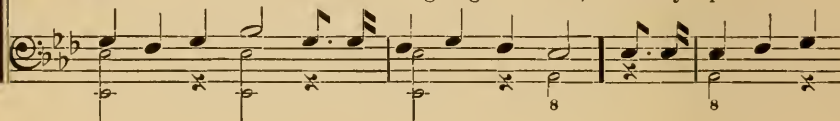


1. I've been reading a message so sweet and so won-der-ful, From our
2. And it tells of the beau-ti-ful cit-y of jas-per walls, With its
3. And I read that while here in this world full of pain and woes I may
4. So I'm watching and waiting un-til He shall call for me, And the

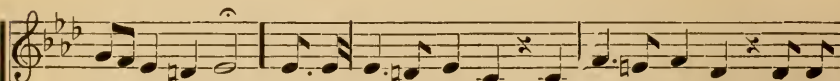
BASS AND TENOR IN UNISON.



Fa-ther a - bove to His chil-dren be - low; And it tells me His
bright gates of pearl and its streets of pure gold; They've no need of the
cast up-on Him ev - 'ry bur - den and care, And my heart strangely
sound of His voice I am long-ing to hear; Then my spir-it shall



heart is still ten-der and mer-ci-ful, That His love not a shad-ow of
sun, for the shade of night nev-er falls, And these mani-fold splen-dors I
warms when I feel that my Father knows; That His arms are a-round me, my
rise, ev - er - more with my Lord to be, And the word He has giv'n is my



changing can know, O this letter from home, sweet letter from home, Precious
soon shall be-hold. O this letter from home, sweet letter from home, Precious
tri - als to share. O this letter from home, sweet letter from home, Precious
comfort while here. O this letter from home, sweet letter from home, Preeious



A LETTER FROM HOME.

rit...... *CHORUS. ff*

let - ter from "home, sweet home." Then let prais-es be giv'n to our

Fa - ther in heav'n, For His wonderful message from home;..... There is
"home, sweet home;"

cres. *p* *pp*

naught in this world half so dear to my heart, As this let - ter from "home, sweet home,"
from "home, sweet home."

No. 28. JESUS CHRIST IS PASSING BY.

J. DENHAM SMITH.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

p

1. Je - sus Christ is pass - ing by, Sin - ner, lift to Him thine eye;
2. Lo, He stands and calls to thee, "What wilt thou then have of me?"
3. "Lord, I would Thy mer - cy see; Lord, re - veal Thy love to me;
4. O how sweet the touch of pow'r Comes—it is sal - va - tion's hour:

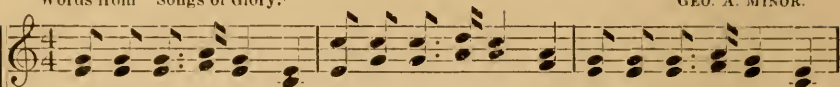
cres. *p* *rit.*

As the precious mo - ments flee, Cry, Be mer - ci - ful to me!
Rise, and tell Him all thy need; Rise, He call - eth thee in - deed.
Let it pen - e - trate my soul, All my heart and life con - trol."
Je - sus gives from guilt re - lease, "Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

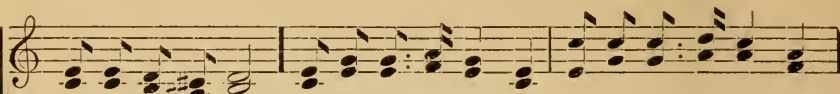
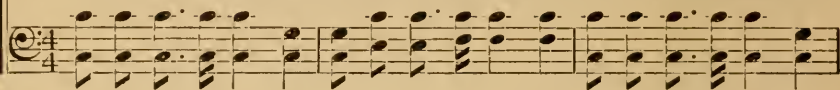
No. 29. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

Words from "Songs of Glory."

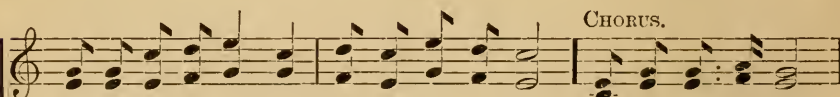
GEO. A. MINOR.



1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide,
2. Sowing in the sun-shine, sowing in the shadows Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, ev - er weep-ing, sowing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our

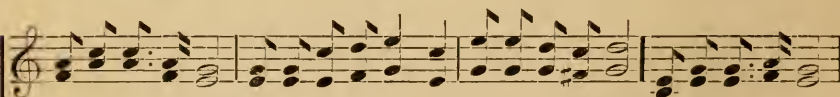
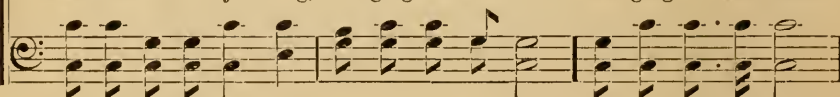


and the dew - y eyes; Waiting for the har - vest, and the time of reap-ing,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed,
spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come,

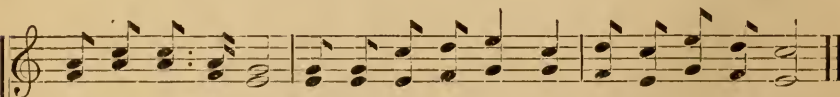
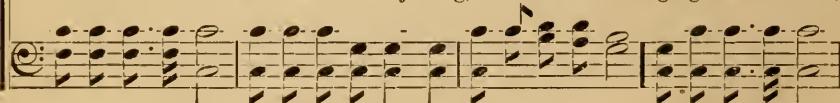


CHORUS.

We shall come re-joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves,



Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves,



bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves

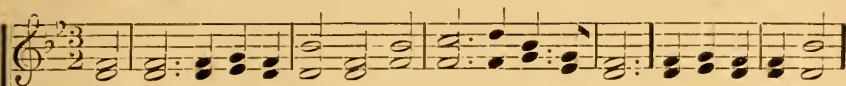


No. 30. ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

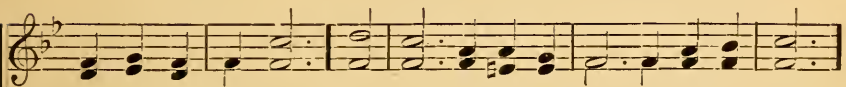
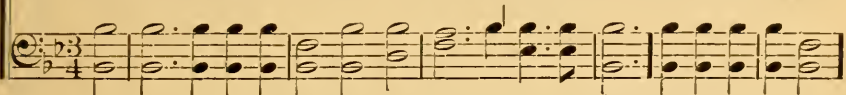
(EDINBURGH. 7, 6, 5, 4)

ANNA B. WARNER.

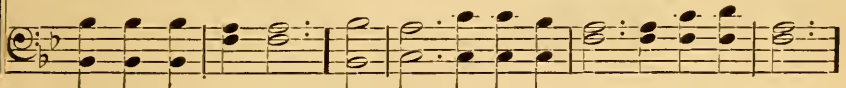
REV. ROBERT LOWRY.



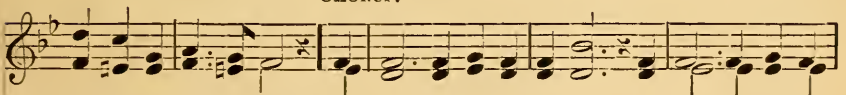
1. One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me! But heav'n is nearer,
2. One more day's work for Jesus! How sweet the work has been, To tell the story,
3. One more day's work for Jesus! O yes, a weary day; But heav'n shines clearer,
4. O bless - ed work for Jesus! O rest at Jesus' feet! There toil seems pleasure,



And Christ is dear - er Than yes - ter-day, to me; His love and light
To show the glo - ry, Where Christ's flock enter in! How it did shine
And rest comes near - er, At each step of the way; And Christ in all,
My wants are treas - ure, And pain for Him is sweet. Lord if I may,



CHORUS.



Fill all my soul to night.
In this poor heart of mine.
Be - fore His face I fall
I'll serve an - oth - er day.

} One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for



Je - sus, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me!



No. 31.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

CARDINAL JOHN H. NEWMAN.

JOHN B. DYKES.

pp *f* *pp*

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'en-cir-cle-ing gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

ff legato.

dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on. Keep thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on. I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

dim. - - - *cres.* *f* *dim.* *p* *pp*

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.
an - gel fac - es smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

No. 32.

EUCCHARISTIC HYMN.

BISHOP HEBER.

Rev S. B. HODGES.

1. Bread of the world in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul in mer - cy shed,
2. Look on the heart by sor - row bro - ken, Look on the tears by sin - ners shed;

By whom the words of life were spo - ken, And in whose death our sins are dead.
And be Thy feast to us the to - ken That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.

KARL WILHELM.

ff Boldly.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc - ces - sive
2. To Him shall end - less pray'r be made And end - less prais - es

jour - neys run; His king - dom spread from shore to shore, Till
crown His head; His name like sweet per - fume shall rise With

moons shall wax and wane no more. From north to south the prin - ces meet
ev - 'ry morn ing sac - ri - fice. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue

To pay their hom-age at His feet; While west-ern em - - pires
Dwell on His love with sweet-est song, And in - fant voic - - es

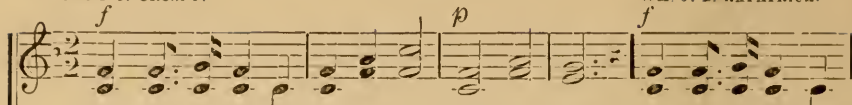
own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at - tend His word.
shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His Name.

No. 34.

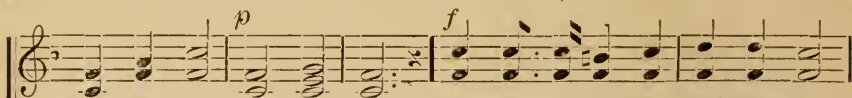
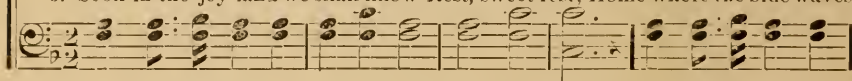
REST, SWEET REST.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

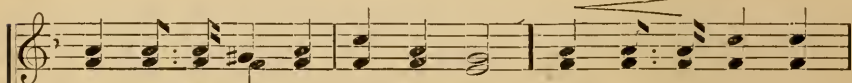
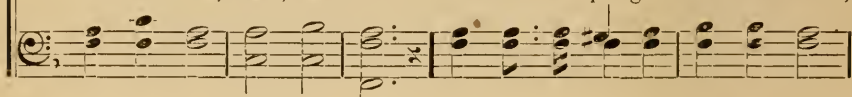
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



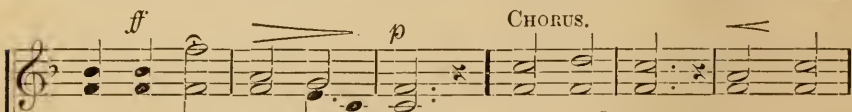
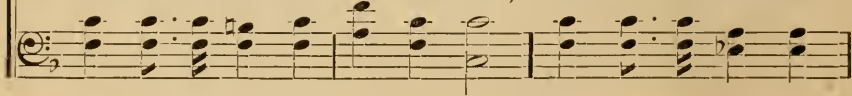
1. Hark! from the joy-land hear the song, Rest, sweet rest; Breath'd by a soft harp
2. Still from the joy-land breaks the sound, Rest, sweet rest; There where the life-tree
3. Soon in the joy-land we shall know Rest, sweet rest; Home where the blue waves



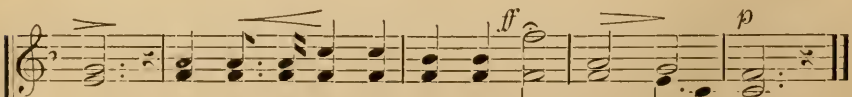
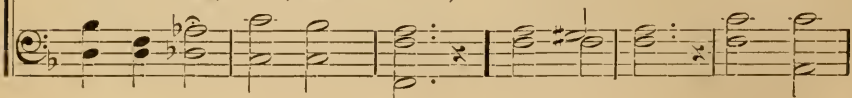
all day long, Rest, sweet rest. Out of the pearl-gates bright and fair,
fruits a-bound, Rest, sweet rest. Haste to the love-lit skies a-way,
mur-mur low, Rest, sweet rest. Rest where the spring-time buds are strown,



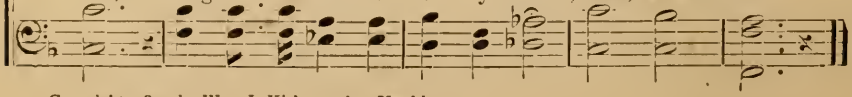
Borne on a sun-beam thro' the air, Song of the toil-worn
Haste where the vine leaves ne'er de-cay, Faith on her light wings
Rest where the dear ones all have flown, Rest where the lone heart



ev-'ry-where, Rest, sweet rest. } Rest, sweet rest, hal-lowed
joins the lay, Rest, sweet rest.
finds its own, Rest, sweet rest.



rest, Song for the toil-worn ev-'ry-where, Rest, sweet rest.



No. 35.

IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

(PENITENCE 6. 5. 6. 5.)

SPENCER LANE.

*p Legato.**cres.*

1. In the hour of tri - al, Jesus, plead for me, Lest by base de - ni - al
 2. With forbidden pleasures Would this vain world charm, Or its sordid treasures
 3. Should Thy mercy send me Sorrow, toil and woe, Or should pain attend me
 4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust returneth

*dim.**p*

I de-part from Thee; When Thou seest me wa - ver, With a look re-
 Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re - mem-brance Sad Gethsem-a-
 On my path be - low: Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to
 To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that mortal

*f**dim.**mp rall.*

call,.... Nor for fear nor fa - vor Suf-fer me to fall.
 ne,.... Or, in dark-er sem-blance, Cross-crown'd Cal-va-ry.
 see;.... Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
 strife,... Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

No. 36.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Very quietly.

Our Father, who art in heaven, hal - lowed be Thy name;
 Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
 And lead us not into temptation, but deliv - er us from evil;

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
 and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass a - gainst us.
 for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ever. A - MEN.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Animato.

1. Christ, our mighty Captain, leads against the foe; We will nev - er fal-ter
 2. Satan's fearful onslaughts cannot make us yield, While we trust in Christ, our
 3. Let our glorious ban-ner ev - er be unfurled— From its mighty stronghold
 4. Fierce the bat-tle ra - ges, but 'twill not be long, Then triumph-ant shall we

when He bids us go; Tho' His righteous purpose we may nev - er know,
 Buck-ler and our Shield; Pressing ev - er on—the Spirit's sword we wield,
 e - vil shall be hurled; Christ, our mighty Cap-tain, o - vercomes the world,
 join the blessed throng, Joy - ful - ly u - nit - ing in the vic-tor's song—

CHORUS.

Yet we'll fol-low all the way.
 And we fol-low all the way.
 And we fol-low all the way.
 If we fol-low all the way. } Forward! forward! 'tis the Lord's command;

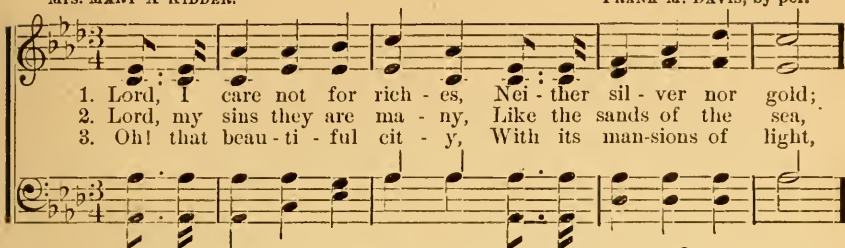
For-ward! for-ward! to the promis'd land; For-ward! for-ward!

let the cho - rus ring: We are sure to win with Christ, our King!


No. 38. IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE.

Mrs. MARY A KIDDER.

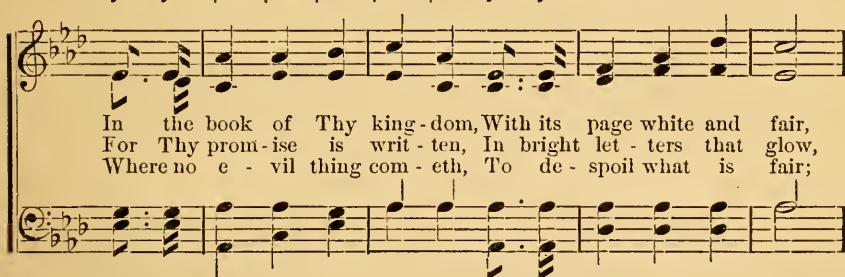
FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



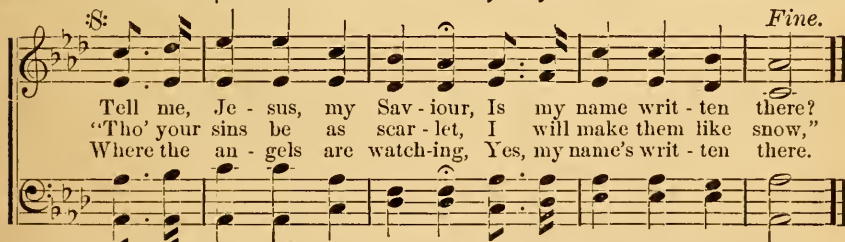
1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Nei - ther sil - ver nor gold;
 2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea,
 3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man - sions of light,



I would make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold,
 But Thy blood, Oh, my Sav - iour, Is suf - fi - cient for me;
 With its glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure gar - ments of white;

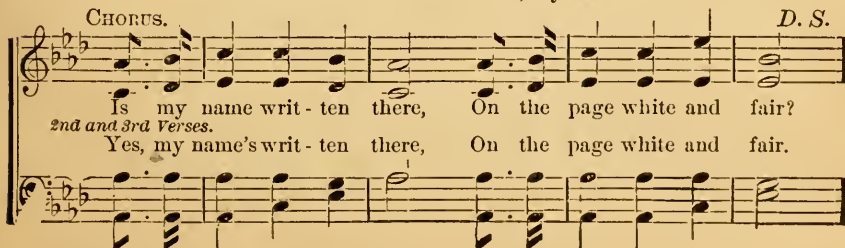


In the book of Thy king - dom, With its page white and fair,
 For Thy prom - ise is writ - ten, In bright let - ters that glow,
 Where no e - vil thing com - eth, To de - spoil what is fair;



Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my name writ - ten there?
 "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow,"
 Where the an - gels are watch - ing, Yes, my name's writ - ten there.

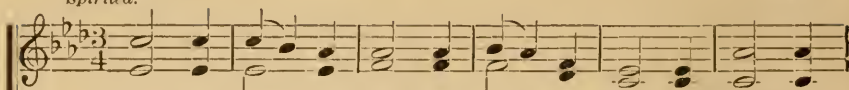
D. S.— In the book of Thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?
 Yes, my name's writ - ten there.



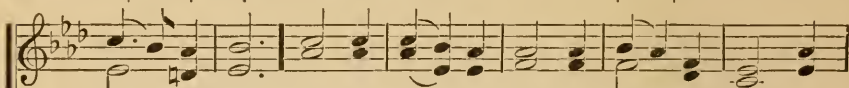
CHORUS. D. S.
 Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?
 2nd and 3rd Verses.
 Yes, my name's writ - ten there, On the page white and fair.

J. O. THOMPSON.
Spirited.

J. B. O. CLEMM.



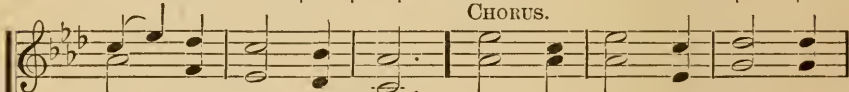
1. Far and near the fields are teem - ing With the waves of
2. Send them forth with morn's first beam - ing, Send them in the
3. O thou, whom Thy Lord is send - ing, Gath - er now the



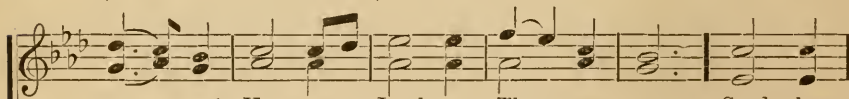
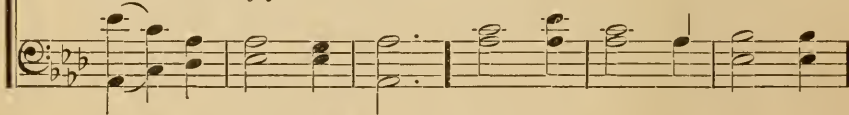
ri - pen'd grain; Far and near their gold is gleam - ing O'er the
noon - tide's glare; When the sun's last rays are gleam - ing, Bid them
sheaves of gold, Heav'nward then at ev - 'ning wend - ing Thou shalt



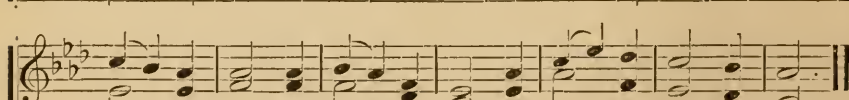
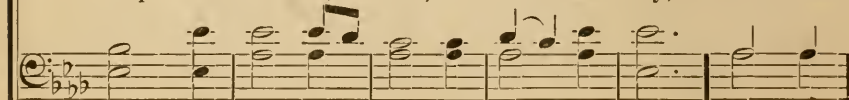
CHORUS.



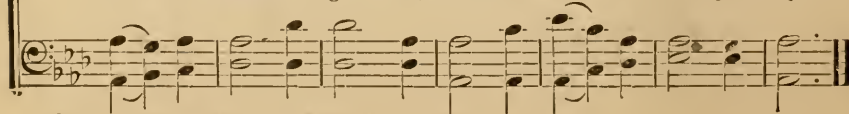
sun - ny slope and plain.
gath - er ev - 'ry - where. } Lord of har - vest, send forth
come with joy un - told.



reap - ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry; Send them

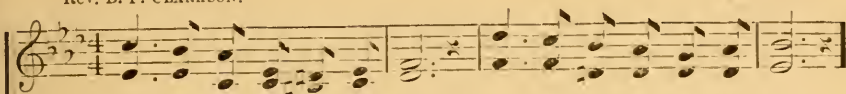


now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.

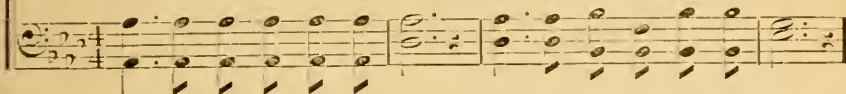
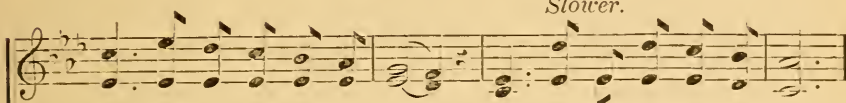


Rev. B. F. CLARKSON.

J. M. BLACK.



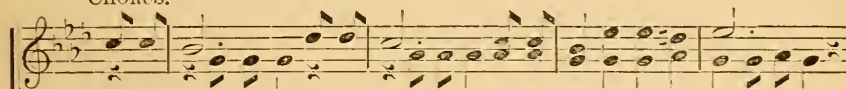
1. When the skies are clear and bright, And my pathway gleams with light;
2. In my struggles for the right, In the darkness of the night,
3. In my ef-forts to be true, While I strive His will to do,
4. When my loved ones fade and die, And no stars are in the sky,

*Slower.*

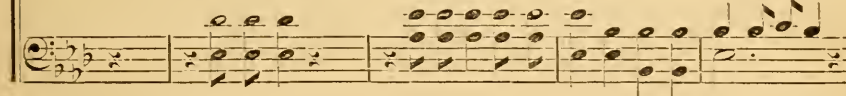
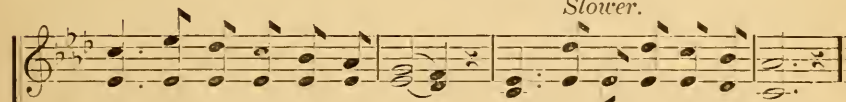
When the gen-tle breez-es blow, God is with me, this I know.
 When the tempests rude-ly blow, God is with me, this I know.
 When, where du-ty calls, I go, God is with me, this I know.
 When night cov-ers all be-low, God is with me, this I know.



CHORUS.



This I know, this I know, God is with me, this I know,
 This I know, this I know, this I know, this I know,

*Slower.*

For His promise tells me so, God is with me, this I know.



SOLO OR UNISON CHORUS.

1. O'er all the way, green palms and blos-soms gay, Are strewn this
 2. His word goes forth, and peo-ples by its might Once more re -
 3. Sing and re-joice, O, blest Je - ru - sa - lem, Of all thy

day in fes - tal prep - a - ra - tion, Where Je - sus comes, to wipe our
 gain free-dom from deg - ra - da - tion; Ilu - man - i - ty doth give to
 sons sing the e - man - ci - pa - tion; Thro' bound-less love, the Christ of

tears a - - way,..... E'en now the throng to welcome
 each his right,..... While those in dark-ness find re -
 Beth - le - - hem,..... Brings faith and hope to thee for -

him..... pre - pare.
 stored..... the light.
 ev - - - er - more. } Join all, and sing, His

PALM BRANCHES.

SOLO OR UNISON.

name de clare, Let ev-'ry voice re-sound with ac - - cla-ma - tion.

FULL CHORUS. *ff*

Ho - san - - - na! praised be the Lord!

*Last time go to **

Bless Him who cometh to bring us sal - va -

Prelude and Interlude.

tion!

D.C. *

tion!

1. Je - sus is call - ing! Forth to the fray, In line be
 2. He needs you, brother, Do thou His will, Your place no
 3. Morn - ing is com - ing, Night will be past, Soon will the

fall - ing, Serve Him to - day; Fol - low Him ev - er,
 oth - er Ev - er can fill; Gird on the ar - mor,
 dawn ing Break in at last; Then with the morn ing,

Call no re - treat, His sol - diers nev - er Suf - fer de - feat.
 Take up the sword, Join your Commander, Fol - low your Lord.
 Glo - rious and bright, Rich crowns a dorn - ing, Vic - tors of light.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

On to vic - t'ry, fol - low your mighty Com -

man - der, On to vic - t'ry,

ON TO VICTORY.

fol - low where Je - sus may go;..... On to

vic - t'ry, close to your Shield and De - fend - er;

On to vic - t'ry, con-quer-ing ev - 'ry foe....

No. 44. THE SHADES OF EVENING.

CHRISTOPHER C. COX.

(STOCKWELL. 8s. 7s.)

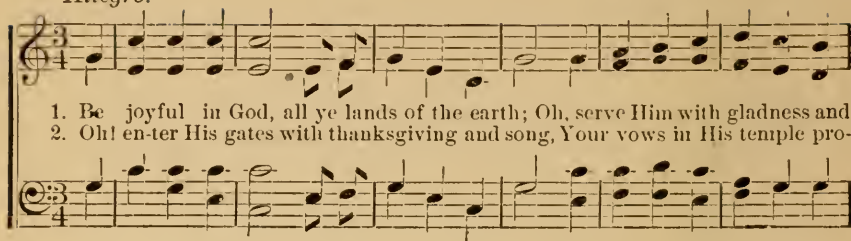
DARIUS E. JONES.

1. Si - lent - ly the shades of eve - ning Gath - er round my low - ly door;

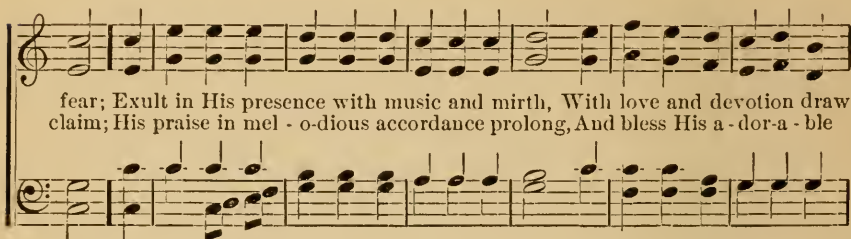
Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me Fa - ces I shall see no more.

2 O the lost, the forgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot!
O the shrouded and the lonely,
In our hearts they perish not!

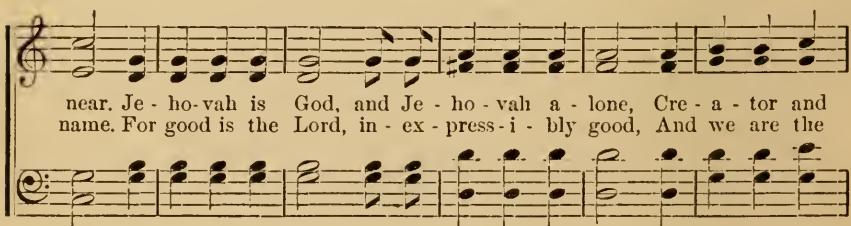
3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend,
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
We, still hoping for its end.

Allegro.


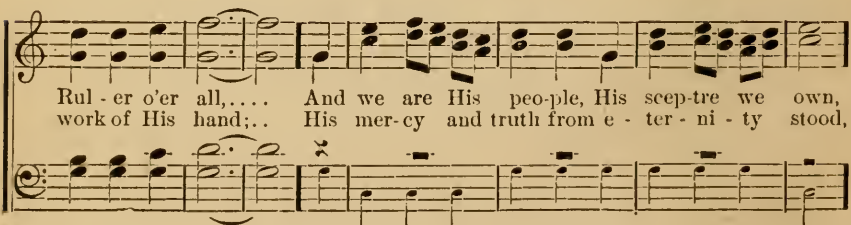
1. Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth; Oh, serve Him with gladness and
 2. Oh! en-ter His gates with thanksgiving and song, Your vows in His temple pro-



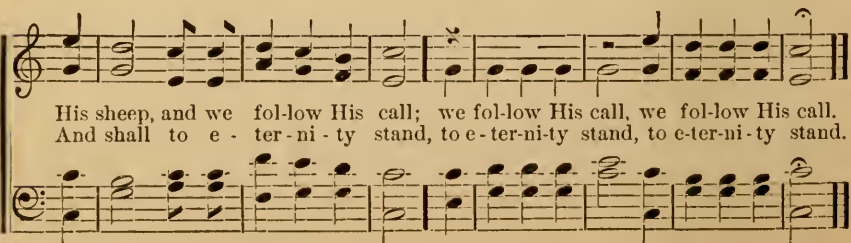
fear; Exult in His presence with music and mirth, With love and devotion draw
 claim; His praise in mel - o - dious accordance prolong, And bless His a - dor - a - ble



near. Je - ho - vah is God, and Je - ho - vah a - lone, Cre - a - tor and
 name. For good is the Lord, in - ex - press - i - bly good, And we are the



Rul - er o'er all, . . . And we are His peo - ple, His scep - tre we own,
 work of His hand; . . His mer - cy and truth from e - ter - ni - ty stood,



His sheep, and we fol - low His call; we fol - low His call, we fol - low His call.
 And shall to e - ter - ni - ty stand, to e - ter - ni - ty stand, to e - ter - ni - ty stand.

Rev. J. W. ALEXANDER.

Arr. by TALI ESEN MORGAN.

Alto prominent. Slow and sustained.

1. Near the Cross was Ma-ry weep-ing, There her mournful station keep-ing,
 2. But we have no need to bor-row Motives from the mother's sor-row,
 3. When no eye its pit-y gave us, Where there was no arm to save us,
 4. Je-sus, may Thy love constrain us, That from sin we may re-frain us,

Gaz-ing on her dy-ing Son, Gaz-ing on her dy-ing Son;
 At our Saviour's Cross to mourn, At our Saviour's Cross to mourn;
 He His love and power displayed, He His love and power displayed;
 In Thy griefs may deep-ly grieve, In Thy griefs may deep-ly grieve;

There in speechless anguish groaning, Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning,
 'Twas our sins bro't Him from heav-en, These the cru-el nails had driv-en,
 By His stripes He wrought our healing, By His death, our life re-veal-ing,
 Thee our best af-fections giv-ing, To Thy glo-ry ev-er liv-ing,

Thro' her soul the sword had gone, Thro' her soul the sword had gone.
 All His griefs for us were borne, All His griefs for us were borne.
 He for us the ran-som paid, He for us the ran-som paid.
 May we in Thy glo-ry live, May we in Thy glo-ry live.

NOTE—Tenor may sing (mezzo voce) with altos,

No. 47. SAVIOUR, COME IN TO-DAY.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Long Thou hast waited outside of my heart, Saviour, come in to - day ;
 2. Make me a tem-ple all ho - ly with-in, Saviour, come in to - day ;
 3. Come and illumine my soul with Thy light, Saviour, come in to - day :

Tho' I have grieved Thee, O do not depart Saviour, come in to - day.
 Grant me forgiveness and cleanse me from sin, Saviour, come in to - day.
 Shine on my darkness, and all will be bright, Saviour, come in to - day.

Wea - ry of sin, hea - vy - la - den, op - pressed, Seek - ing Thy mer - cy and
 Come in and teach me to know Thy will; Help me to trust in Thy
 Teach me Thy patience, and help me to know Some of the joys of Thy

longing for rest; En - ter my heart that I too may be blest, }
 love and be still; Guard me, and keep me se - cure from all ill, } Saviour, come
 heav - en be - low: More and more I in Thy likeness would grow, }

CHORUS.

in to - day.... Saviour, come in, Saviour, come in;
 Saviour, come in,

SAVIOUR, COME IN TO-DAY.

..... Long Thou hast waited outside of my heart, Saviour, come in, to-day.
Saviour, come in;

No. 48.

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and
2. O'er all those wide-extended plains Shines one eternal day; There God the Son for-
3. When shall I reach that happy place, And be forever blest? When shall I see my
4. Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul Would here no longer stay; Tho' Jordan's waves a-

CHORUS.

hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
ever reigns, And scatters night a - way.
Father's face, And in His bo - som rest? } We will rest in the fair and hap py
round me roll, Fearless I'd launch a - way.

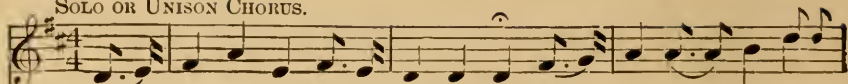
land, Just a - cross on the ev - ergreen shore:..... Sing the
by and by, ev - ergreen shore;

song of Mo-ses and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Jesus ev - er - more.

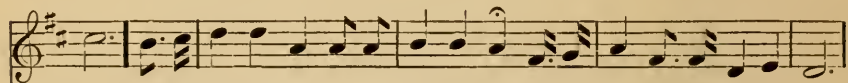
Mas. E. E. S. ELLIOT.

J. N. BROWN.

SOLO OR UNISON CHORUS.



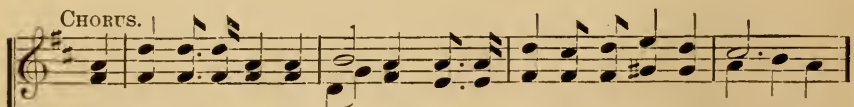
1. Thou did'st leave Thy throne and Thy Kingly crown, When Thou camest to earth for
2. Heavens arch-es rang, when the an-gels sang, Proclaiming Thy roy-al de-
3. Thou cam-est Lord, with the liv-ing word, That should set Thy peo-ple
4. When the heav'ns shall ring, and the an-gels sing At Thy com-ing vic-to-



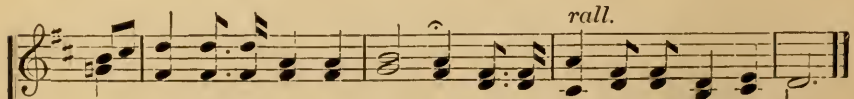
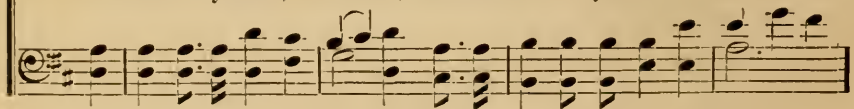
me; But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room, For Thy holy Na-tiv-i-ty.
 gree: But in lowly birth Thou did'st come to earth And in greatest hu-mil-i-ty.
 free; But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn, Did they bear Thee to Cal-va-ry.
 ry, Thou wilt call me home, saying, "Yet there's room, there is room at My side for Thee."



CHORUS.



O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, There is room in my heart for Thee, for Thee;



O come to my heart, Lord Je-sus, There is room in my heart for Thee.



SARAH F. ADAMS.

(President McKinley's Favorite Hymn.)

LOWELL MASON.

p *S: p*

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross
D.S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Fine. *mf* *D.S.*

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee;
Near-er to Thee!

The second verse may be sung by a solo voice or by the choir to this music. For prelude play from the sign (S) to Fine.

S:

2. Tho', like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me,
D.S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Fine. *D.S.*

My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee.
Near-er to Thee!

- 3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;

- So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
- 5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shalt be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No. 51. WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT FOREVER.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

S. J. VAIL.

1. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn; We shall
 2. When we see a precious blossom, That we tend - ed with such care, Rudely
 3. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, In the lone and si - lent grave, Blessed

meet to part—no, never, On the res - ur - rection morn! From the deepest caves of
 tak - en from our bosom, How our aching hearts despair! Round its lit - tle grave we
 be the Lord that taketh, Blessed be the Lord that gave. In the bright, e - ter - nal

ocean, From the desert and the plain, From the valley and the mountain, Countless
 lin - ger, Till the setting sun is low, Feeling all our hopes have perished With the
 cit - y Death can never, never come! In His own good time He'll call us From our

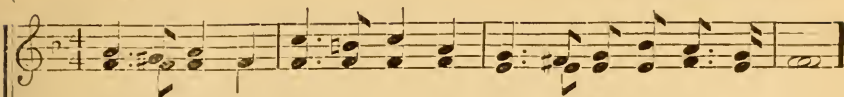
p CHORUS. *cres.*

throngs shall rise a - gain. }
 flower we cherish'd so. } We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a
 rest to Home, sweet Home. }

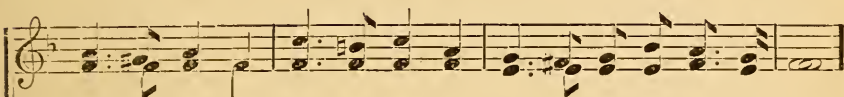
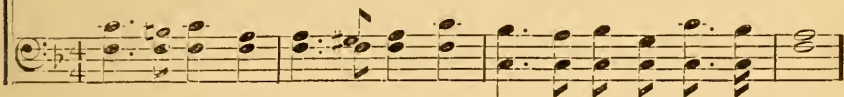
glorious dawn; We shall meet to part—no, nev - er, On the res - ur - rection morn!

REV. THOMAS KELLY.

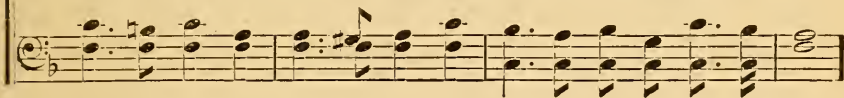
Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.



1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious, See the "Man of sor-rows" now,
2. Crown the Saviour! An - gels crown Him, Rich the trophies Je - sus brings,
3. Sin - ners in de - ris - ion crown'd Him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim,
4. Hark! the bursts of ac - cla - ma - tion! Hark! these loud triumphant chords!



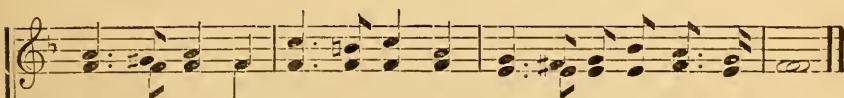
From the fight re - turn vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow.
 In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him, While the vault of heav - en rings.
 Saints and an - gels crowd a - round Him, Own His ti - tle, praise His name.
 Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion, Oh, what joy the sight af - fords!



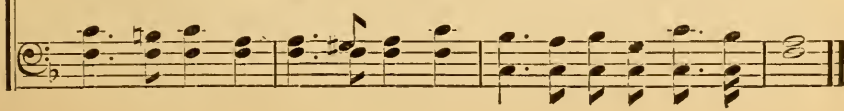
REFRAIN.



Crown Him! crown Him, angels crown Him! Crown the Saviour "King of kings."



Crown Him! crown Him, angels crown Him! Crown the Saviour "King of kings."



MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

John 14 : 2.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

May be sung as a solo.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The far - a way
 2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vis ions and dreams, Its bright, jas - per
 3. That un - change - a - ble home is for you and for me, Where Je - sus of
 4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So free from all

home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the
 walls I can see; 'Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be -
 Naz - a - reth stands; The King of all kingdoms for - ev - er is He, And He
 sor - row and pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To

years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no
 tween the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; 'Till I
 holdeth our crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The
 meet one an - oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; With

storms ev - er beat on the glittering strand, While the years of eter - ni ty roll.
 fan - cy but thin - ly the veil in - ter venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.
 King of all kingdoms for - ev - er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hand.
 songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain

No. 54. I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME.

MARY BROWN.

(CONSECRATION.)

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
 2. Per haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;
 3. There's sure - ly somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me.
 There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'r'er whom I should seek.
 Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied.

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
 O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
 So, trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

Fine.

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where You want me to go.
 My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what You want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what You want me to be.

D.S. — I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be.

REFRAIN.

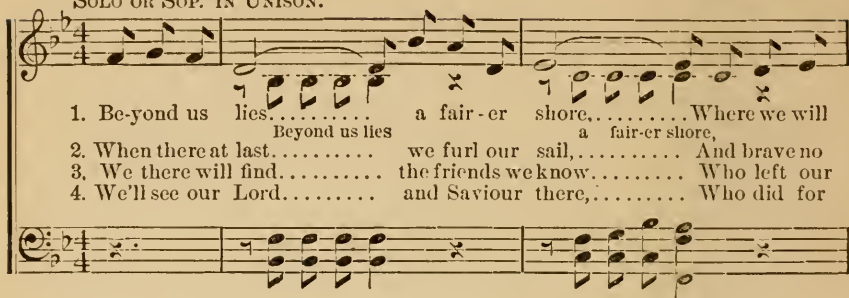
D.S.

I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, O - ver mountain, or plain, or sea,

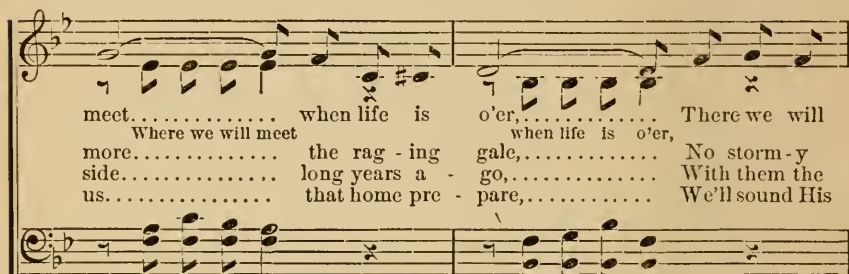
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

TALI ESEN MORGAN.

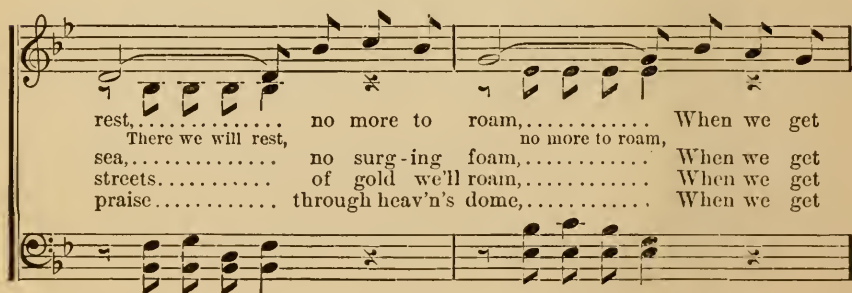
SOLO OR SOP. IN UNISON.



1. Be-yond us lies..... a fair-er shore..... Where we will
 Beyond us lies a fair-er shore,
 2. When there at last..... we furl our sail..... And brave no
 3. We there will find..... the friends we know..... Who left our
 4. We'll see our Lord..... and Saviour there..... Who did for



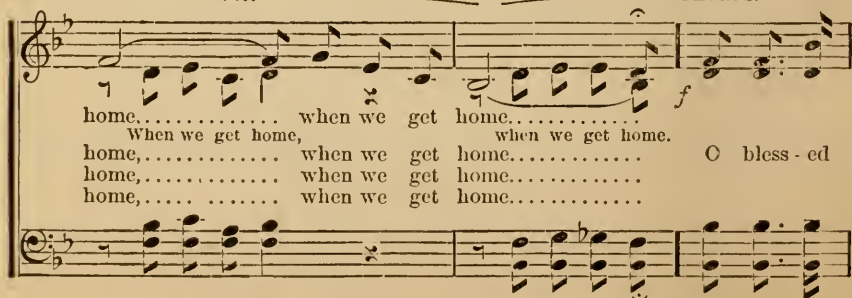
meet..... when life is o'er, There we will
 Where we will meet when life is o'er,
 more..... the rag - ing gale, No storm-y
 side..... long years a - go, With them the
 us..... that home pre - pare, We'll sound His



rest,..... no more to roam, When we get
 There we will rest, no more to roam,
 sea,..... no surg-ing foam, When we get
 streets..... of gold we'll roam, When we get
 praise..... through heav'n's dome, When we get

rit.

CHORUS.



home..... when we get home.....
 When we get home, when we get home.
 home,..... when we get home..... O bless - ed
 home,..... when we get home.....
 home,..... when we get home.....

WHEN WE GET HOME.

day,..... O bless-ed day, When we shall reach the heav'nly
Sweet day, glad day,

home, O bless-ed day, O glorious day,... When we get
heav'nly home,

home,..... When we get home, sweet home, that bless-ed home.

rit. *p*

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No. 56.

ART THOU WEARY?

CHARLES WESLEY.

p Andante legato.

1. Art thou weary, art thou languid? Art thou sore distressed? "Come to me," saith
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him If He be my guide? "In His feet and

One, "and com-ing, Be at rest."
hands are wound-prints, And His side."

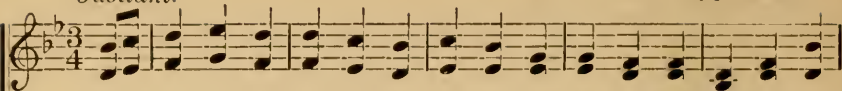
3 If I find Him, if I follow,
What my future here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

4 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

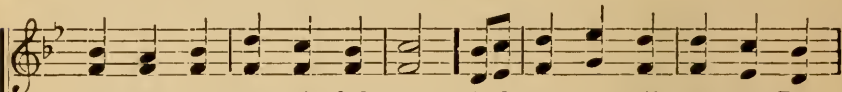
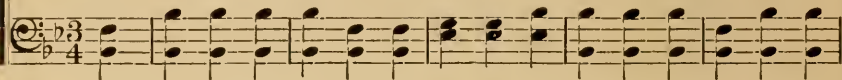
p *cres.* *pp*

Jubilant.

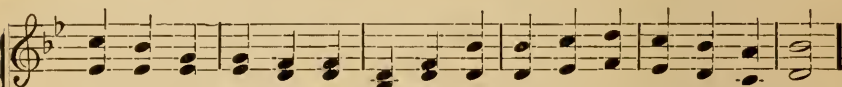
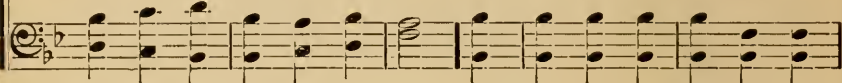
Rev. R. LOWRY. By permission.



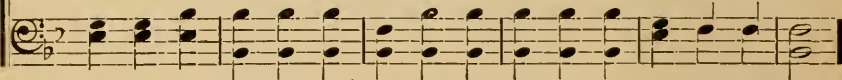
1. Oh! gold-en Here - af - ter, Thine ev - 'ry bright raft - er Will shake in the
2. Oh! host with-out number, Awak'd from death's slumber, Who walk in white
3. Oh! mansions e - ter - nal, In fields ev - er ver - nal, A - wait - ing your
4. Oh! Je - sus, our Mas - ter, Command to beat fast - er These wea - ry life -



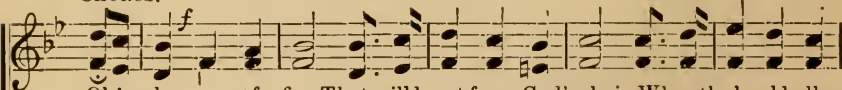
thun - der of sanc - ti - fied song; And ev - 'ry swift an - gel Pro -
 robes on the em - er - ald shore, The glo - ry is o'er you, The
 ten - ant - ry ransomed from sin, We'll stand on your pavement, No
 puls - es that bring us to Thee, 'Till, past the dark por - tal, We



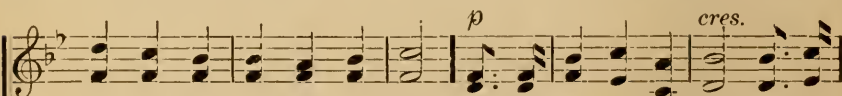
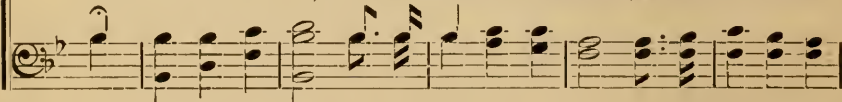
claim an e - van - gel, To summon God's saints to the glo - ri - fied throng!
 throne is be - fore you, And weeping will come to your spir - its no more.
 more in enslavement, With home - songs to Je - sus who welcomes us in.
 stand up im - mor - tal, And sweep with ho - san - nas the jas - per - lit sea.



CHORUS.



Oh! cho - rus of fire, That will burst from God's choir, When the loud halle -



lu - jahs leap up from the soul, 'Till the flowers on the hills, And the



O GOLDEN HEREAFTER.

cres.

waves in the rills, Shall trem-ble with joy in the mu-sic's deep roll.

No. 58. HOW SWEET ARE THE WORDS.

Mrs. O. B. B.

Dr. O. B. BIRD.

1. How sweet are the words of my Sav-iour so dear, When dark clouds of
2. How sweet is the face of my Sav-iour so dear, When sin-ners are
3. How sweet to the world is the love of our Lord, So full and a-

sor-row are hov-er-ing near! My grief-la-den soul, then, with rapture may
thronging His blessing to share! His smile like the sunlight, His words true and
bundant, so rich in re-ward! Oh, come now, He calls thee, and list to His

hear, "Thou wea-ry one, come un-to Me." Oh, sweet are the words,
clear: "Ye wea-ry ones, come un-to Me, Oh, come un-to Me,
word: "The whole world may come unto Me." Oh, sweet is the love,

sweet are the words, How sweet to my soul are the words of my Lord.
come un-to Me, Ye wea-ry and la-den ones, come un-to Me."
sweet is the love, Oh, sweet to the world is the love of our Lord.

1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil-grim a -
 2. "Which way shall I take for the bright golden span That brid-ges the
 3. "See the lights from the palace in sil-ver-y lines, How they pen-cil the

wea-ried, and spent is my light, And I seek for the palace that
 wa-ters so safe-ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah
 hed-ges and fruit-la-den vines! My for-tune! my all! for

slower and sustained. rit.

rests on the hill, But be tween us a stream li-eth, sul-len and chill."
 me! if I knew—The night is so dark, and the pass-ers so few."
 one tan-gled gleam That sifts thro' the lil-ies, and wastes on the stream."

* The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding this last note.

CHORUS.

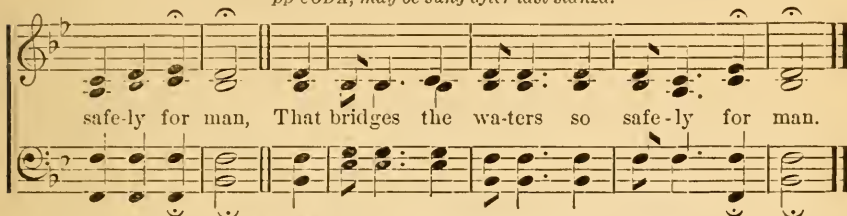
Near, near thee, my son, is the old way-side cross, Like a

gray fri-ar cowl'd, in li-chens and moss; And its cross-beam will

THE WAYSIDE CROSS.



pp CODA, may be sung after last stanza.

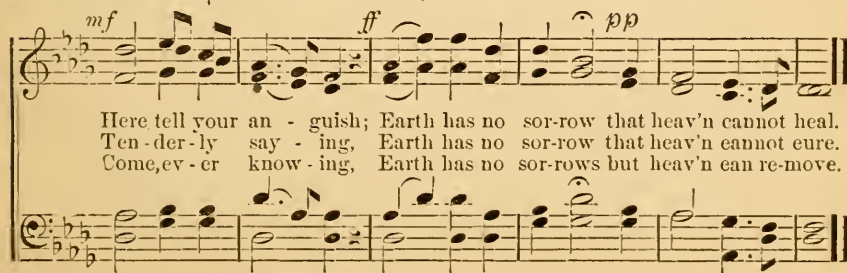
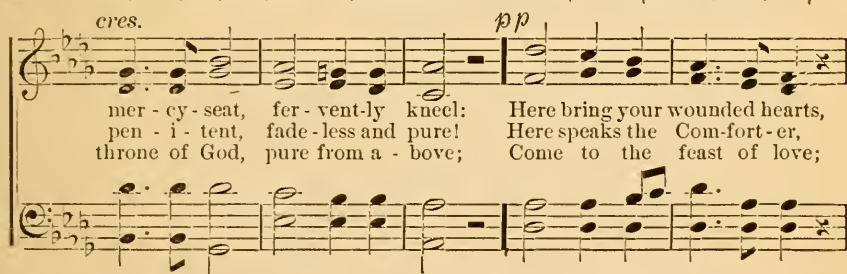
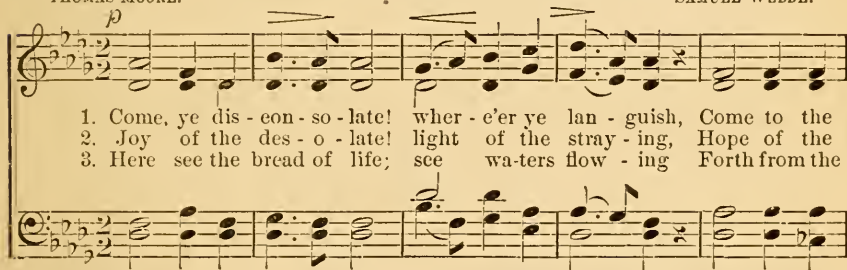


NOTE.—Chorus can be sung by Male Voices, Tenors taking Soprano and Alto parts.

No. 60. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE,

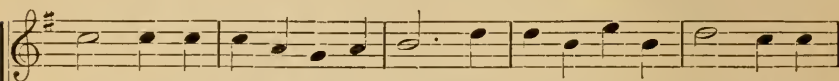
THOMAS MOORE.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

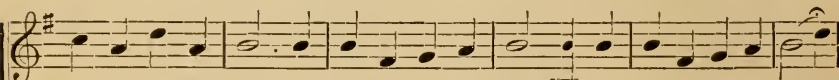
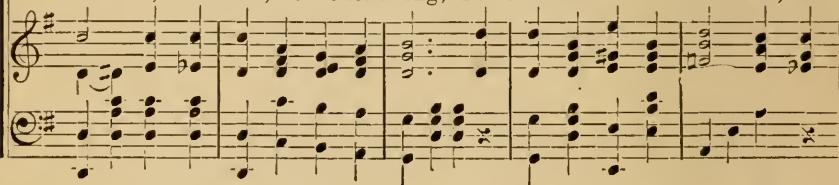




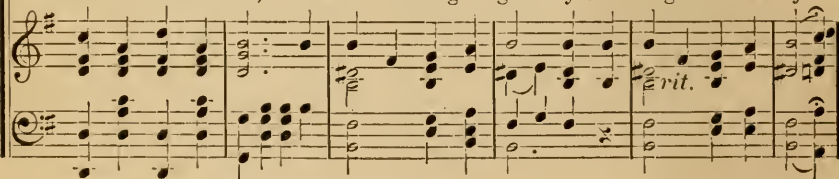
- 1 Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the Cross; Lift high His roy - al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the mighty
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of



ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
con - flict, In this His glorious day: "Ye that are men now serve Him" A -
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each
bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song; To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A



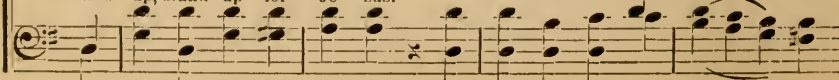
ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord indeed.
gainst unnumber'd foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
piece put on with pray'r; Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er wanting there.
crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.



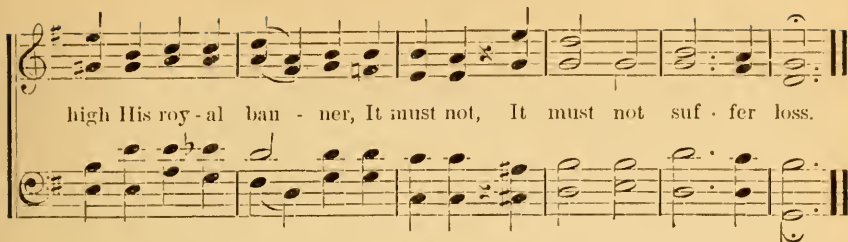
CHORUS. Harmony.



Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus.



STAND UP FOR JESUS.



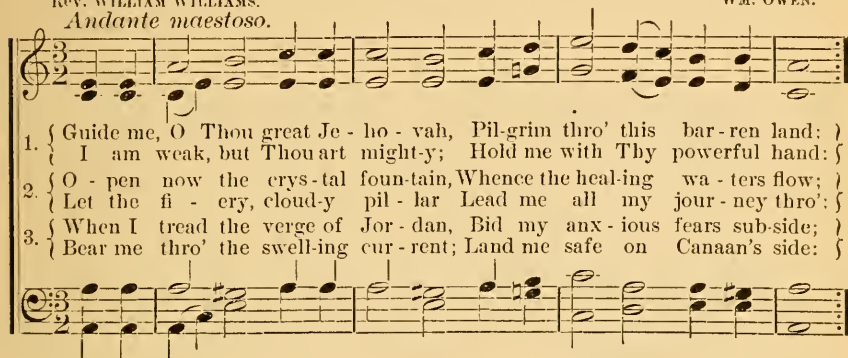
high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not, It must not suf - fer loss.

No. 62.

GUIDE ME!

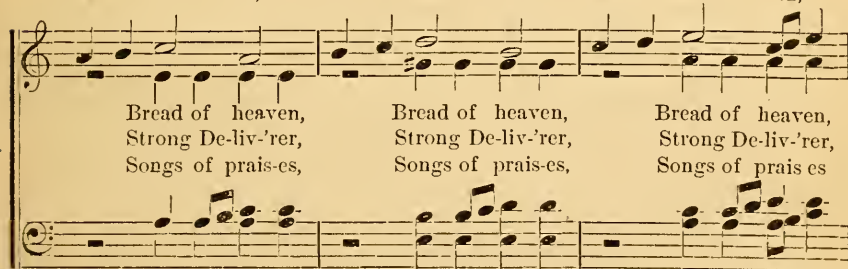
REV. WILLIAM WILLIAMS.
Andante maestoso.

WM. OWEN.



1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land: }
 { I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy powerful hand: }
 2. { O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow; }
 { Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney thro': }
 3. { When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side; }
 { Bear me thro' the swell - ing cur - rent; Land me safe on Canaan's side: }

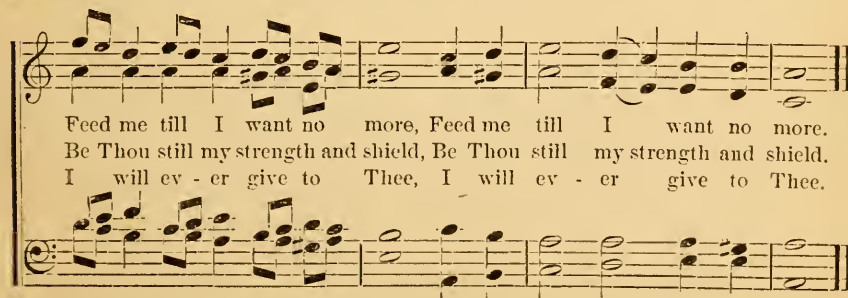
Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en. Bread of heav - en,



Bread of heaven,
Strong De - liv - 'rer,
Songs of prais - es,

Bread of heaven,
Strong De - liv - 'rer,
Songs of prais - es,

Bread of heaven,
Strong De - liv - 'rer,
Songs of prais es

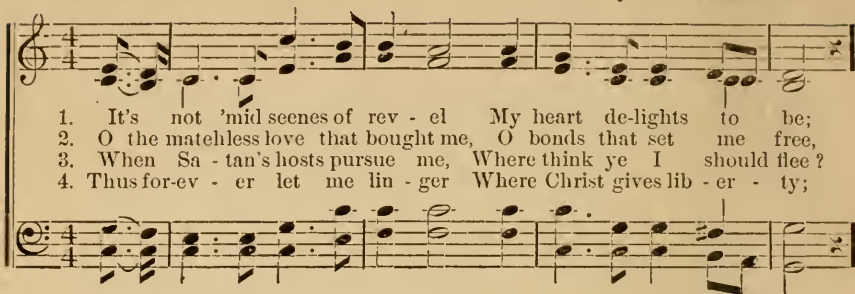


Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.
 Be Thou still my strength and shield, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
 I will ev - er give to Thee, I will ev - er give to Thee.

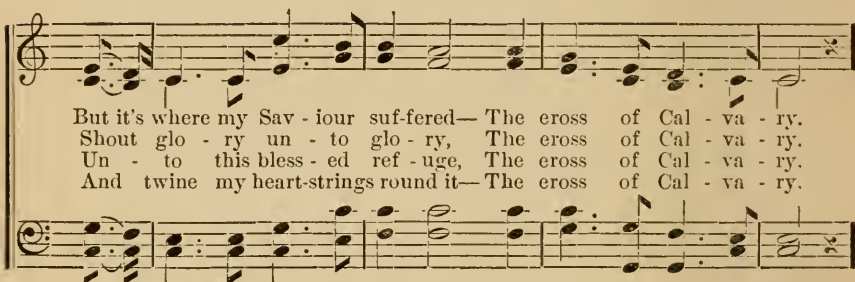
No. 63. THE CROSS OF CALVARY.

Mrs. W. G. MOYER.

Arr. by I. H. MEREDITH.



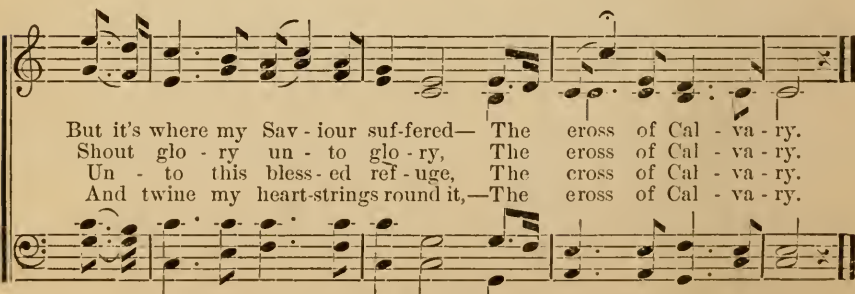
1. It's not 'mid scenes of rev - el My heart de-lights to be;
 2. O the matchless love that bought me, O bonds that set me free,
 3. When Sa - tan's hosts pursue me, Where think ye I should flee?
 4. Thus for-ev - er let me lin - ger Where Christ gives lib - er - ty;



But it's where my Sav - iour suf-fered— The cross of Cal - va - ry.
 Shout glo - ry un - to glo - ry, The cross of Cal - va - ry.
 Un - to this bless - ed ref - uge, The cross of Cal - va - ry.
 And twine my heart-strings round it— The cross of Cal - va - ry.



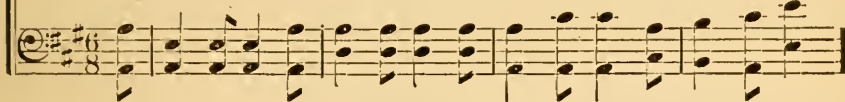
The cross once raised for me, The cross once raised for thee;
 The cross once raised for me, The cross once raised for thee;
 The cross once raised for me, The cross once raised for thee;
 The cross once raised for me, The cross once raised for thee;



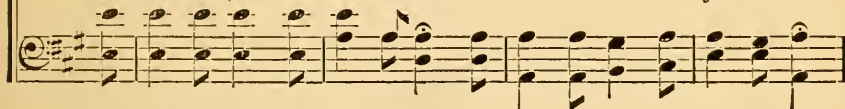
But it's where my Sav - iour suf-fered— The cross of Cal - va - ry.
 Shout glo - ry un - to glo - ry, The cross of Cal - va - ry.
 Un - to this bless - ed ref - uge, The cross of Cal - va - ry.
 And twine my heart-strings round it— The cross of Cal - va - ry.

Tenderly.

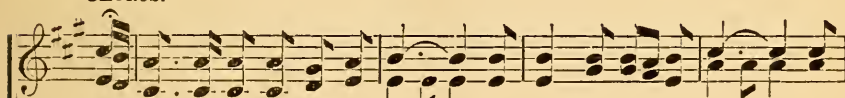
1. Be - hold a stranger at the door, He gently knocks—has knocked before;
2. O lovely at-ti-tude,—He stands, With melt-ing heart and o - pen hands;
3. But will He prove a friend indeed? He will,—the ver - y friend you need;
4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine, Turn out His en - e - my and thine;
5. Ad - mit Him, ere His an-ger burn,—His feet, de-part-ed, ne'er re - turn;



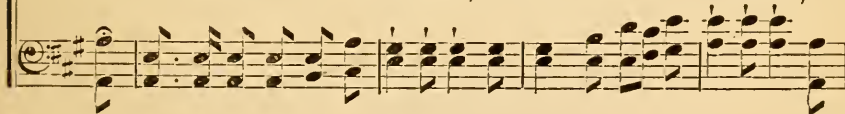
Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
 O matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
 The friend of sin - ners? Yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
 That soul - de-destroy ing monster, Sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in.
 Ad - mit Him, or the hour's at hand You'll at His door re - ject - ed stand.



CHORUS.



Oh, let the dear Saviour come in, He'll cleanse thy heart from sin; Oh,
 come in, from sin;



keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.
 come in.



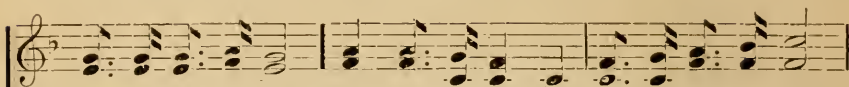
No. 65. LIFE, LIGHT, AND LOVE IN JESUS.

ADA BLENKHORN.

J. M. BLACK.



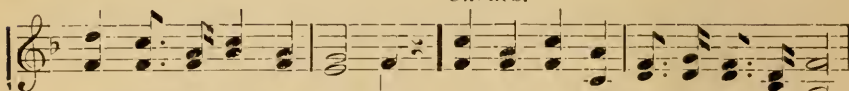
- 1 Life, light, and love, the gifts of God so free, For Je - sus' sake He
- 2 Now with my Lord I walk the up-ward way, No night is there, but
- 3 How blest the hours spent at the mer - cy seat, To learn the les - sons
4. Come now to Christ, your Saviour true and kind, Yield now to Him your



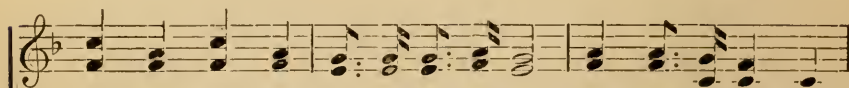
gives to you and me; And in His ho - ly, bless - ed Word I see
clear and per - fect day; There shines for me a bright and bless - ed ray, —
of His will so sweet, And find, while wait - ing hum - bly at His feet,
spir - it, soul and mind; Trust - ing His grace and mer - cy, you shall find



CHORUS.



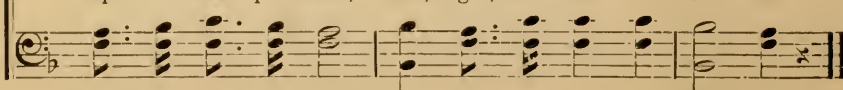
Life, light, and love in Je - sus. Je - sus, Je sus, sing the glad re-frain,



Je - sus on - ly, glo - ry to His name! Let ev - 'ry heart with



rap - ture now pro-claim, Life, light, and love in Je - sus.



No. 66.

O, HOW I LOVE JESUS.

CHARLES WESLEY

Music Arranged.

1. Je - sus, the name high o - ver all In hell, on earth, or sky;
 2. Je - sus, the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sin - ners given;
 3. O. that the world might taste and see The rich - es of His grace;
 4. His on - ly right - eous - ness I show; His sav - ing truth pro - claim;

An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
 It scat - ters all their guilt - y fear, It turns their hell to heav'n.
 The arms of love that com - pass me Would all man - kind em - brace.
 'Tis all my business here be - low, To cry, "Be - hold the Lamb!"

CHORUS.

O, how I love Je - sus! O, how I love Je - sus!

O, how I love Je - sus! Be - cause He first loved me.

No. 67.

GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, and... to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost:
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end, A - men.

REV. CHARLES DUNBAR.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by pel.

1. We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
2. Millions now are safe - ly land - ed, O - ver on the golden shore:

We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be - yond the tide.
Millions more are on their jour - ney, Yet there's room for millions more.

CHORUS. *cres.*

All the storms will soon be o - ver, Then we'll an - chor in the harbor,

We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be - yond the tide,

We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be - yond the tide.

No. 69. HALLELUJAH TO HIS NAME.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

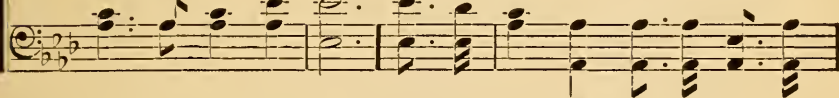
TALI ESEN MORGAN.



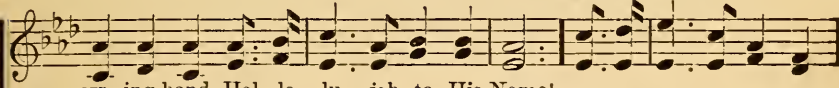
1. We are trav'-ling o - ver to the promised land, Hal - le -
2. There's a clear light gleaming thro' the dark - est night, Hal - le -
3. O'er the dash - ing wa - ters of life's storm - y sea, Hal - le -
4. There are loved ones wait - ing on the heav'nly shore, Hal - le -



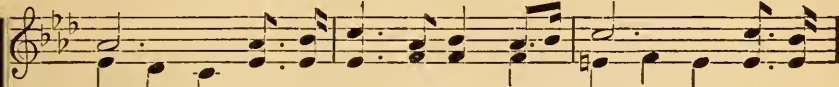
lu - jah to His Name! And our Pi - lot guides us with un -
 lu - jah to His Name! For His Word is giv - en as a
 lu - jah to His Name! Still the Mas - ter speak - eth peace to
 lu - jah to His Name! From that peace - ful ha - ven we'll go



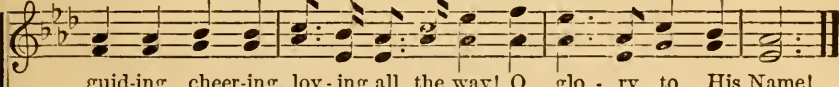
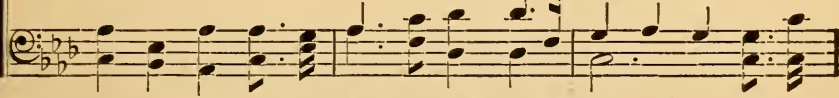
REFRAIN.



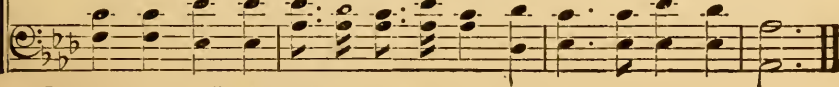
err - ing hand, Hal - le - lu - jah to His Name!
 bea - con bright, Hal - le - lu - jah to His Name!
 you and me, Hal - le - lu - jah to His Name!
 out no more, Hal - le - lu - jah to His Name!



Name! Hal - le - lu - jah to His Name! He is
 Bless - ed name! bless - ed name!



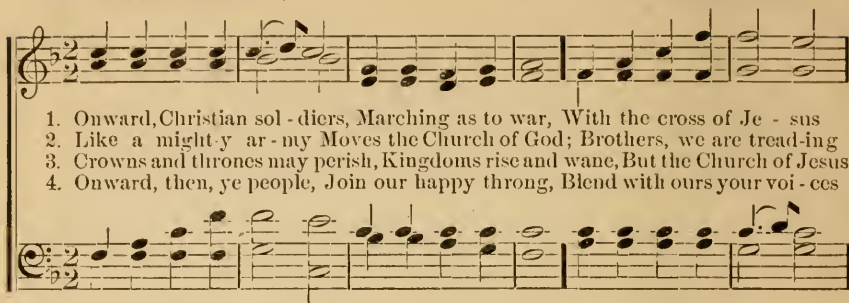
guid - ing, cheer - ing, lov - ing all the way! O glo - ry to His Name!



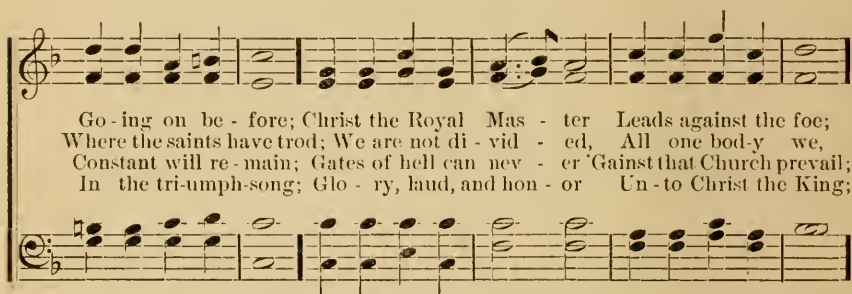
No. 70. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Rev. SABINE BARING-GOULD.

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

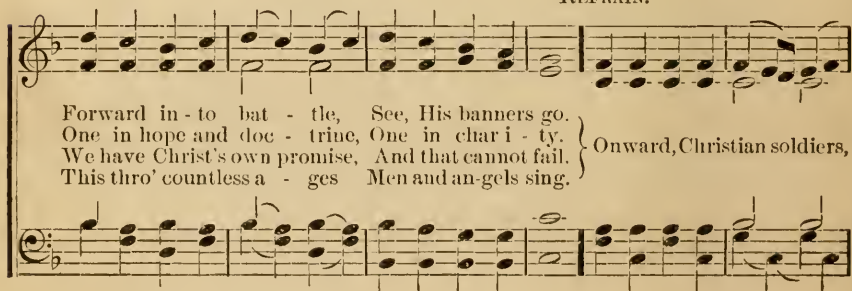


1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
 2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus
 4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces



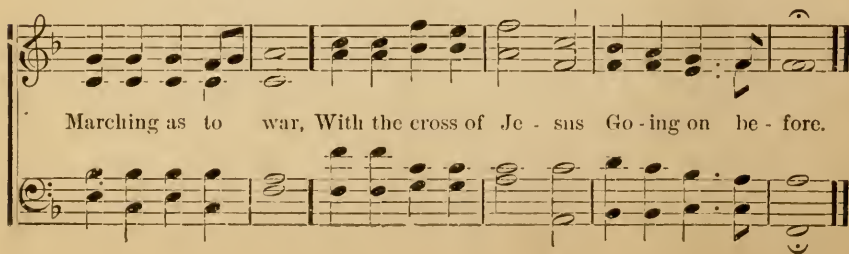
Go - ing on be - fore; Christ the Royal Mas - ter Leads against the foe;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
 Constant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 In the tri - umph - song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King;

REFRAIN.



Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go.
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char i - ty.
 We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
 This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

} Onward, Christian soldiers,



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

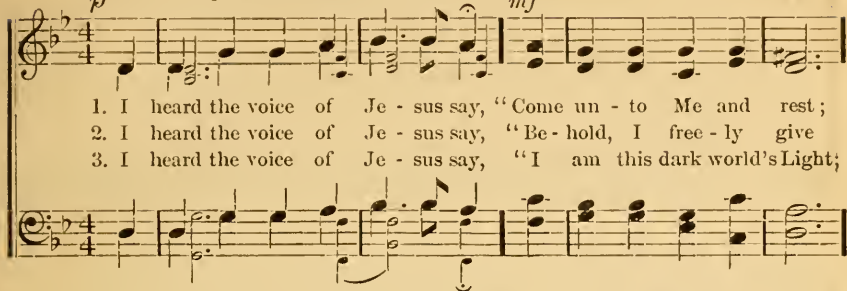
No. 71. I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

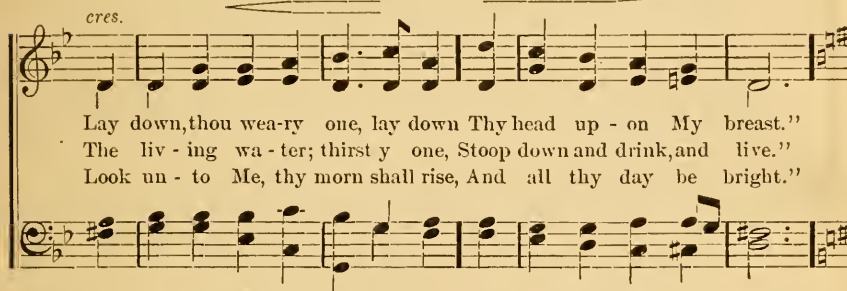
p Solo, or Soprano and Alto in unison.

mf



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest ;
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light ;

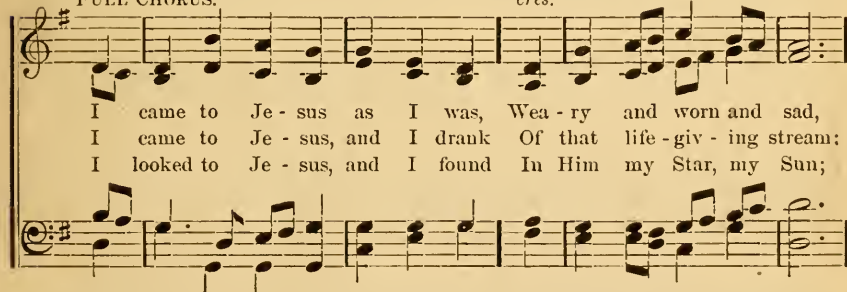
cres.



Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
 The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst y one, Stoop down and drink, and live."
 Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

FULL CHORUS.

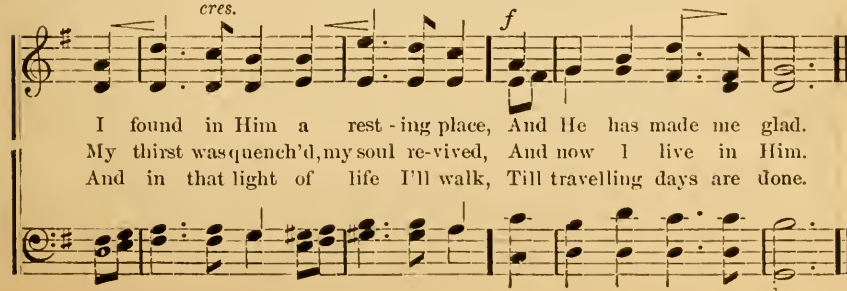
cres.



I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad,
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

cres.

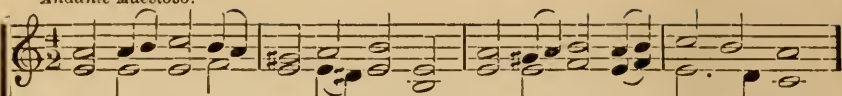
f



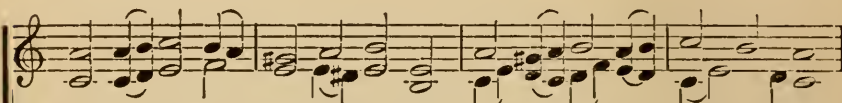
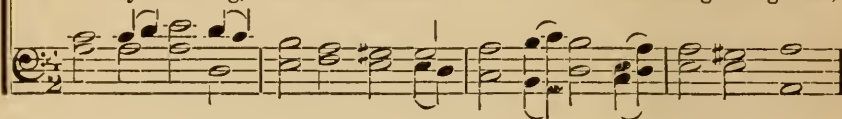
I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
 My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
 And in that light of life I'll walk, Till travelling days are done.

FRANCIS L. MACE.
Andante Maestoso.

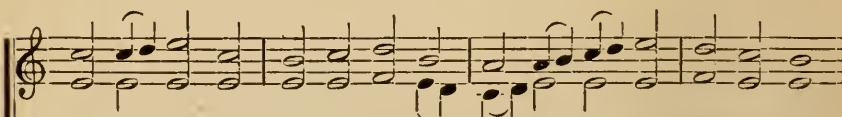
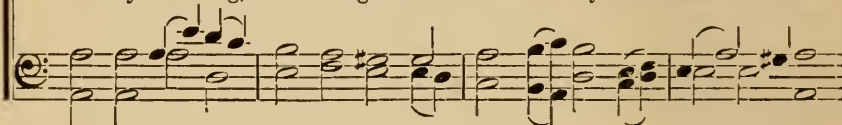
J. A. LLOYD.



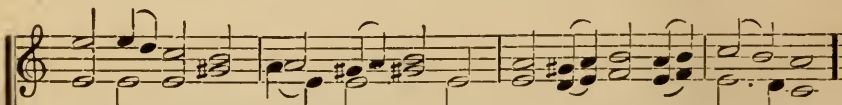
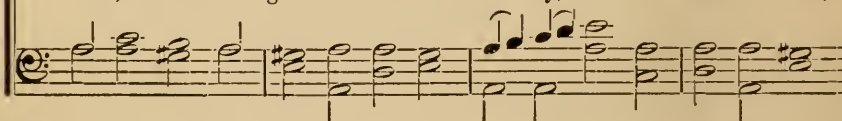
1. On - ly wait-ing, till the shadows Are a lit - tle long - er grown;
 2. On - ly wait-ing, till the reap-ers Have the last sheaf gath - er'd home;
 3. On - ly wait-ing, till the shadows Are a lit - tle long - er grown;



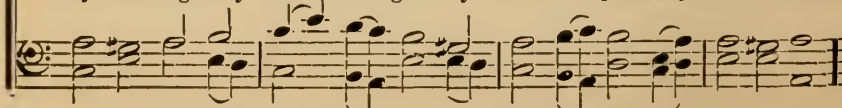
On - ly wait-ing, till the glim-mer Of the day's last beam is flown;
 For the sum-mer time is fad-ed, And the au-tumn winds have come.
 On - ly wait-ing, till the glim-mer Of the day's last beam is flown.



Till the light of earth is fad-ing From the hearts once full of day;
 Quickly, reap-ers, gath-er quick ly These last ripe hours of my heart,
 Then, from out the gath-er'd darkness Ho - ly, death-less stars shall rise,



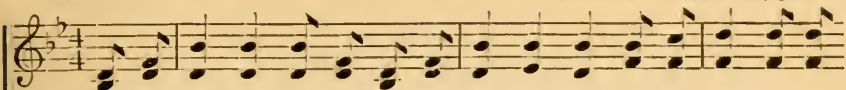
Till the stars of heav'n are break-ing Thro' the twi-light soft and gray.
 For the bloom of life is with-er'd, And I hast-en to de-part.
 By whose light my soul shall glad-ly Tread its path-way to the skies.



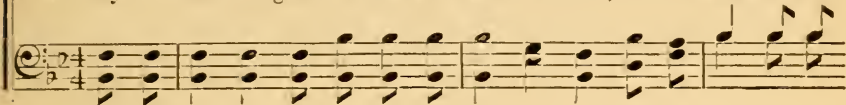
No. 73, ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

E. A. H.

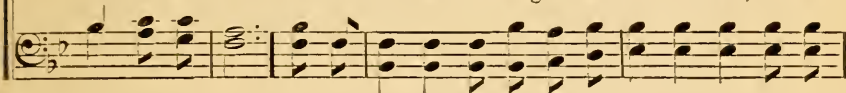
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.



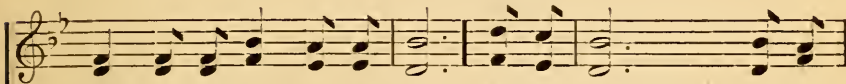
1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing power? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Saviour's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the



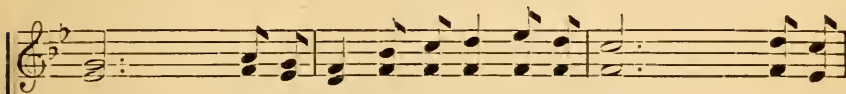
blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright, And be
blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean, O be



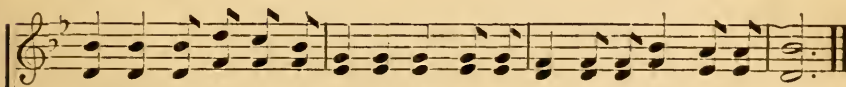
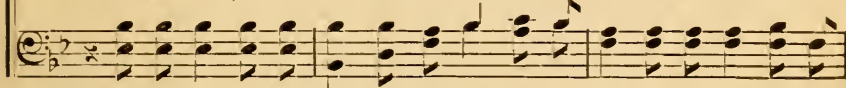
CHORUS.



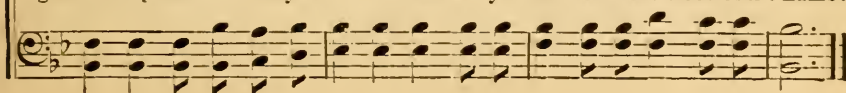
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the
Are you washed



blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your
in the blood, of the Lamb?

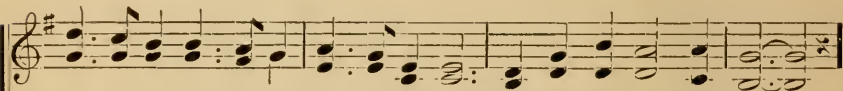
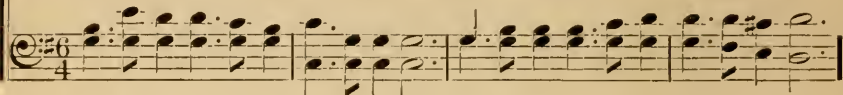


garments spotless? are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

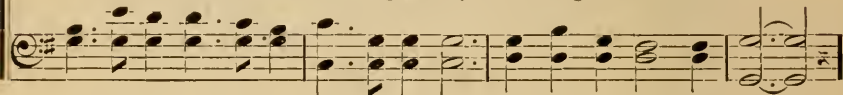




1. Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;
2. Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree, Paid the great debt and my soul He set free;
3. Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old, While I did wander a - far from the fold,
4. Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;



Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be His name, Seeking for me, for me.
 Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
 Gent-ly and long He hath plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see Him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.

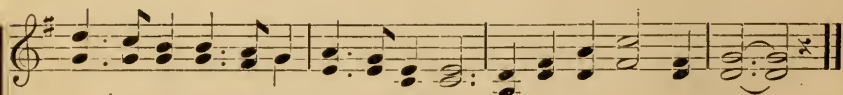


for me,.....

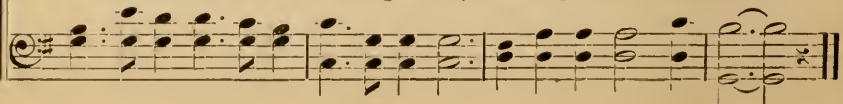
for me,.....



Seek-ing for me,	seek-ing for me,	Seek-ing for me,	seek-ing for me;
Dy-ing for me,	dy-ing for me,	Dy-ing for me,	dy-ing for me;
Call-ing for me,	call-ing for me,	Call-ing for me,	call-ing for me;
Com-ing for me,	com-ing for me,	Com-ing for me,	com-ing for me;



Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be His name, Seeking for me, for me.
 Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
 Gent-ly and long He hath plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see Him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.



No. 75.

OH, WORSHIP THE KING.

ROBERT GRANT.

LYONS. 10, 11.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. Oh, wor-ship the King all glo-rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly
 2. Oh, tell of His night, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
 3. Thy boun-ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
 4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we

sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
 light, whose can - o - py, space; His chariots of wrath the deep
 air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de -
 trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies how ten - der! how

Ancient of Days, Pa - vil-ion'd in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise.
 thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
 scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
 firm to the end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend,

No. 76.

A CONTRITE HEART.

AVON. C. M.

"Scottish Tune."

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free! 'A heart that al-ways
 2. A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My great Redeemer's throne; Where only Christ is

eels Thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me,
 heard to speak; Where Jesus reigns a - lone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From Him that dwells within!

4 A heart in ev'ry thought renewed,
 And full of love divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of Thine.

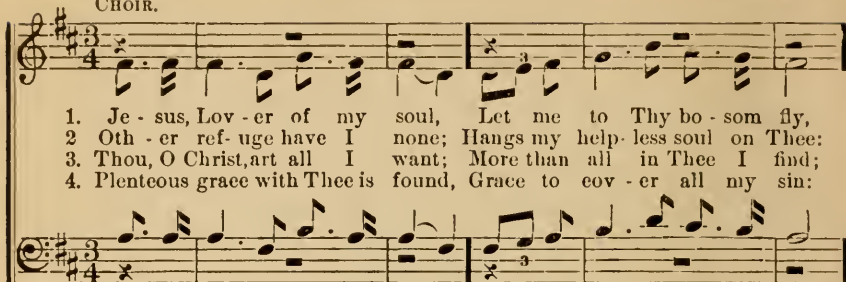
No. 77. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY.

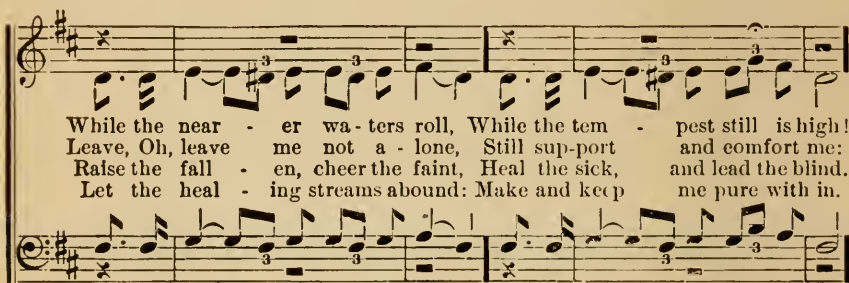
(REFUGE. 7s. 8l.)

J. P. HOLBROOK.

CHOIR.

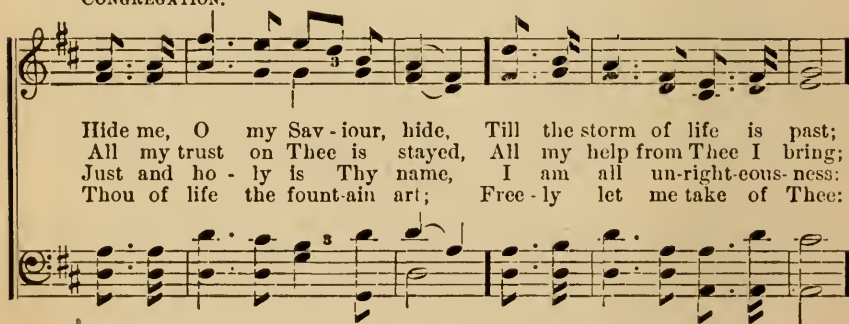


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin:

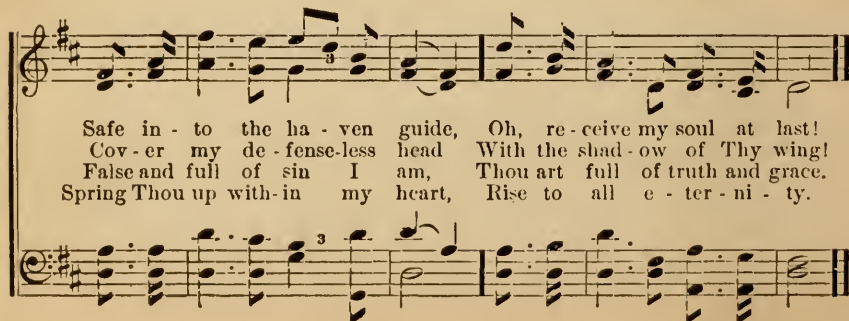


While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
 Leave, Oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me:
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Let the heal - ing streams abound: Make and keep me pure with in.

CONGREGATION.



Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness:
 Thou of life the fount - ain art; Free - ly let me take of Thee:



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!
 False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

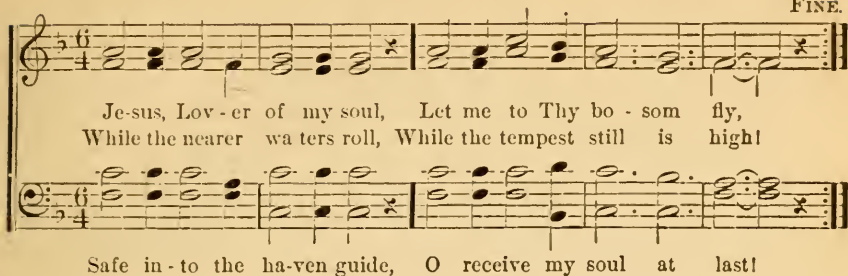
No. 78. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(MARTYN. 7s. D.)

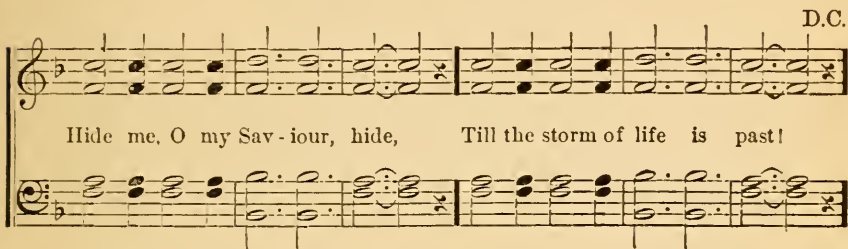
SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.

FINE.



Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,
While the nearer wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high!

Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O receive my soul at last!



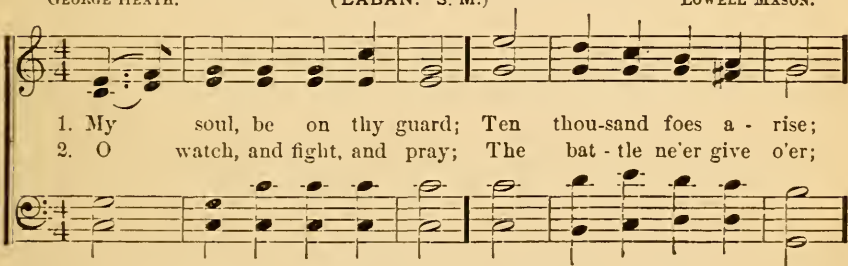
Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past!

No. 79. MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

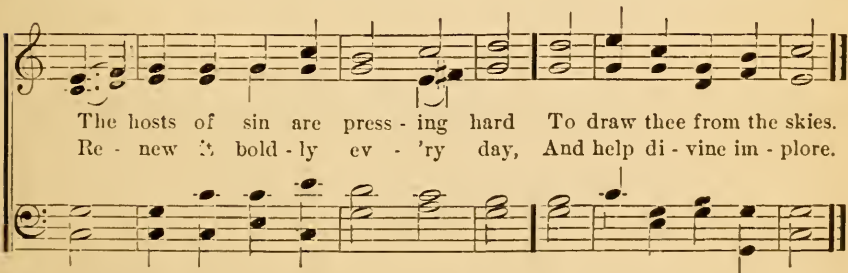
GEORGE HEATH.

(LABAN. S. M.)

LOWELL MASON.



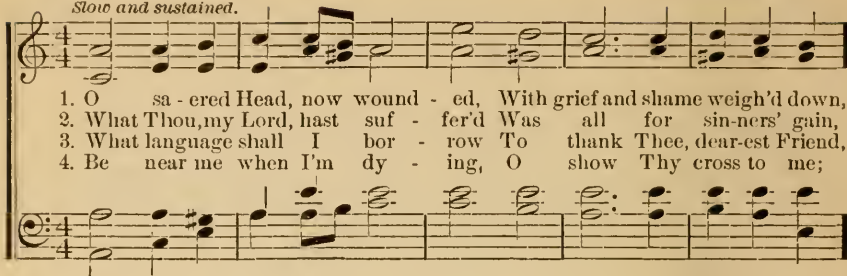
1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a-rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er;



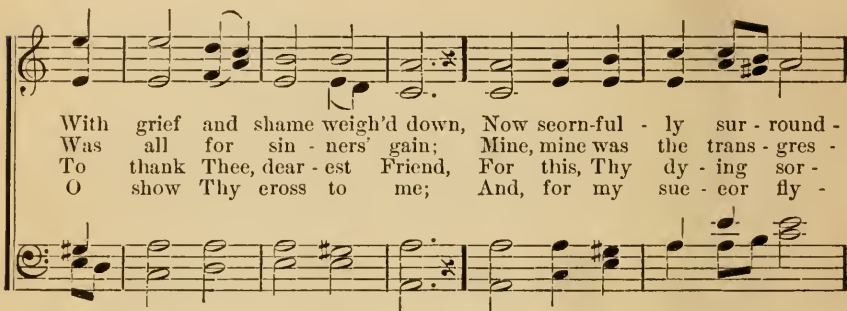
The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re-new thy bold-ly ev-'ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

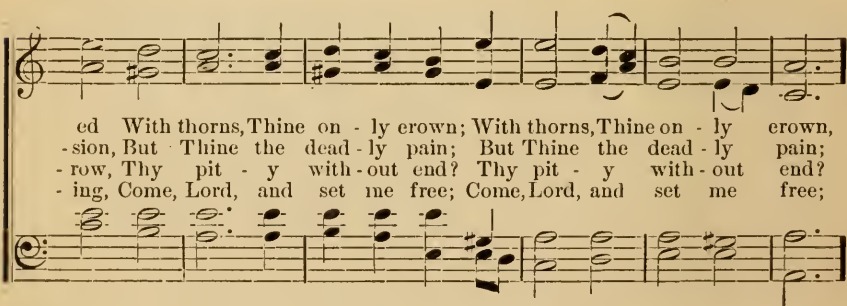
4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

Slow and sustained.


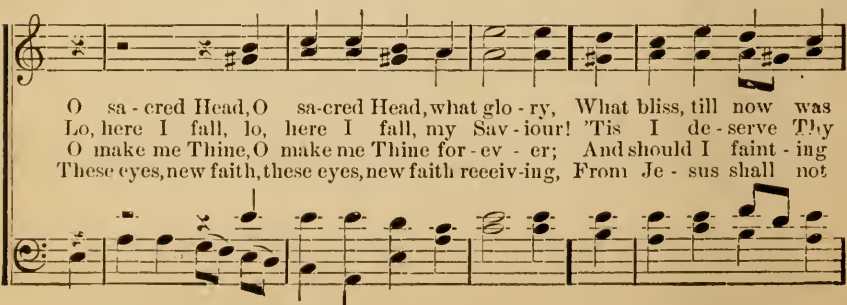
1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weigh'd down,
 2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fer'd Was all for sin - ners' gain,
 3. What language shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,
 4. Be near me when I'm dy - ing, O show Thy cross to me;



With grief and shame weigh'd down, Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round -
 Was all for sin - ners' gain; Mine, mine was the trans - gres -
 To thank Thee, dear - est Friend, For this, Thy dy - ing sor -
 O show Thy cross to me; And, for my sue - eor fly -

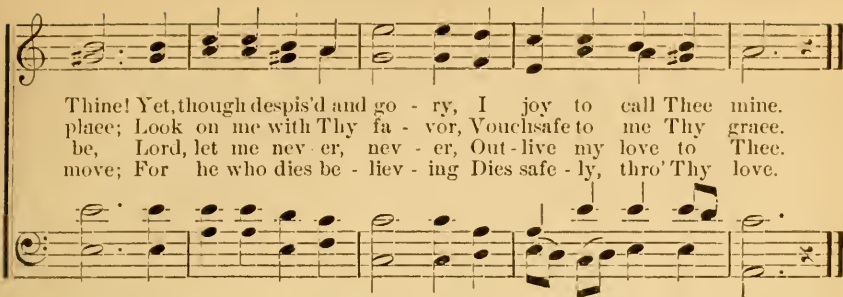


ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown; With thorns, Thine on - ly crown,
 - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain; But Thine the dead - ly pain;
 - row, Thy pit - y with - out end? Thy pit - y with - out end?
 - ing, Come, Lord, and set me free; Come, Lord, and set me free;



O sa - cred Head, O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was
 Lo, here I fall, lo, here I fall, my Sav - iour! 'Tis I de - serve Thy
 O make me Thine, O make me Thine for - ev - er; And should I faint - ing
 These eyes, new faith, these eyes, new faith receiv - ing, From Je - sus shall not

O SACRED HEAD.



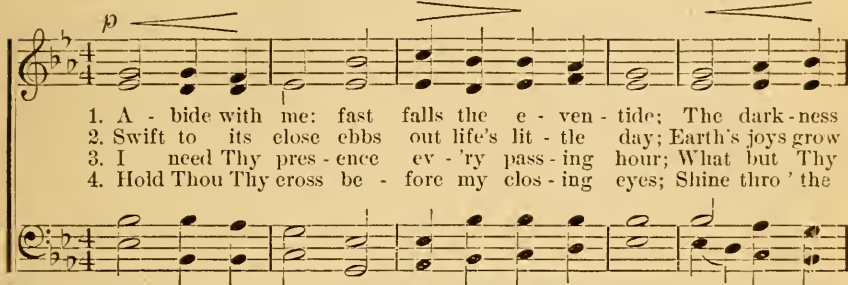
Thine! Yet, though despis'd and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.
 place; Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
 be, Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er, Out-live my love to Thee.
 move; For he who dies be - liev - ing Dies safe - ly, thro' Thy love.

No. 81.

ABIDE WITH ME.

HENRY F. LYTE.

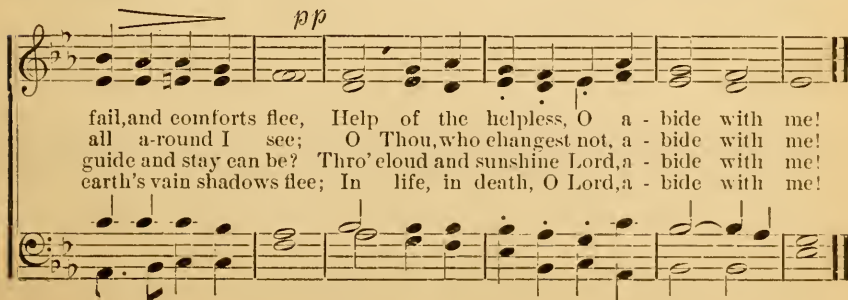
WILLIAM HENRY MONK.



1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the



deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my
 gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and

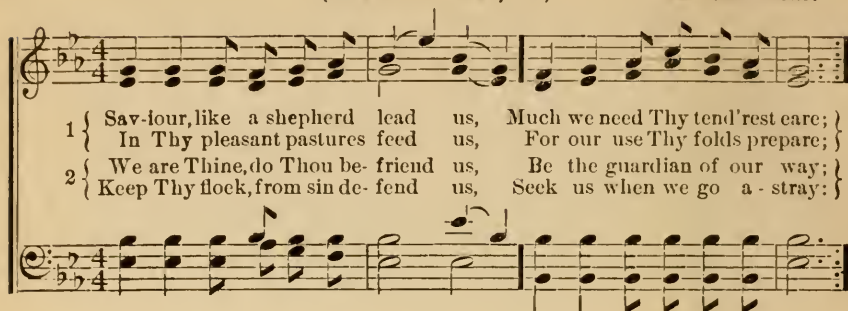


fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me!
 all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine Lord, a - bide with me!
 earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

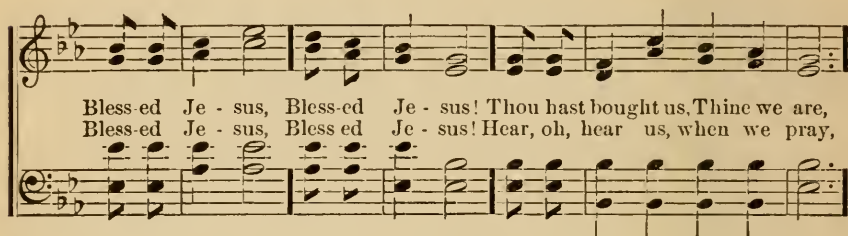
No. 82. SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US.

(BRADBURY. 8s. 7s. 6l.)

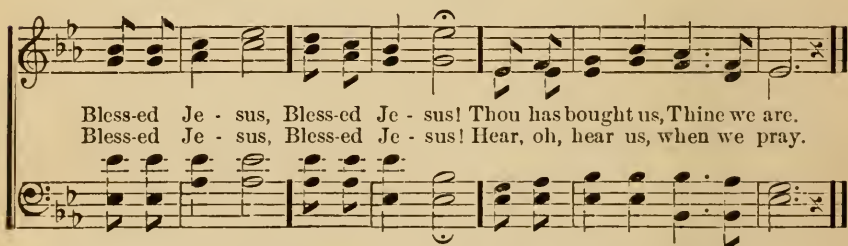
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1 { Sav-iour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care; }
 In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare; }
 2 { We are Thine, do Thou be- friend us, Be the guardian of our way; }
 Keep Thy flock, from sin de- fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray; }



Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are,
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! Hear, oh, hear us, when we pray,



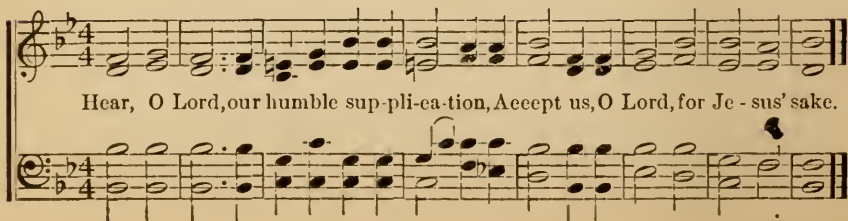
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! Hear, oh, hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
 Blessed Jesus!
 We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early let us do Thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill:
 Blessed Jesus!
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 83. RESPONSE AFTER PRAYER.

W. A. O.



Hear, O Lord, our humble sup- pli- ca- tion, Accept us, O Lord, for Je - sus' sake.

No. 84. REMEMBER ME, O MIGHTY GOD.

Anon.

JOANNA KINKEL, arr.

p Andante.

p

poco riten.

1. When storms around are sweeping, When lone my watch I'm keeping, 'Mid
 2. When walking on life's o - cean, Con - trol its rag - ing motion; When
 3. When weight of sin op - press - es, When dark de - spair dis - tresses, All

Crescendo e poco accel. al.... f

fires of e - vil fall - ing, 'Mid tempt - er's voi - ces call - ing,
 from its dan - gers shrinking, When in its dread deeps sink - ing,
 thro' the life that's mor - tal, And when I pass death's por - tal,

Tempo I. tranquillo e molto espress.

p *p* *f* *fz* *p* *pp*
 Re - mem - ber me, O Might - y One! Re - mem - ber me, O Might - y One!

No. 85.

ERE WE PART.

Heav'nly Fa - ther, we beseech Thee, Grant Thy blessing ere we part,

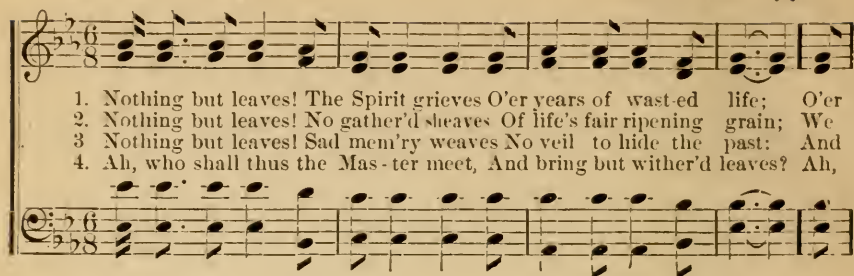
Take us in Thy care and keeping, Guard from evil ev - 'ry heart. A - MEN.

No. 86.

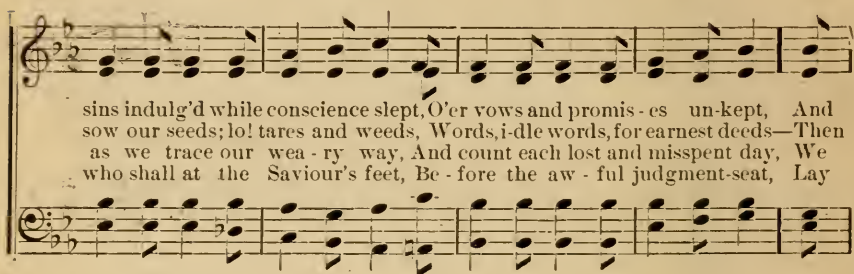
NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

LUCY EVELINA AKERMAN.

SILAS J. VAIL. By per.



1. Nothing but leaves! The Spirit grieves O'er years of wast-ed life; O'er
 2. Nothing but leaves! No gather'd sheaves Of life's fair ripening grain; We
 3. Nothing but leaves! Sad mem'ry weaves No veil to hide the past: And
 4. Ah, who shall thus the Mas-ter meet, And bring but wither'd leaves? Ah,



sins indulg'd while conscience slept, O'er vows and promis-es un-kept, And
 sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds, Words, i-dle words, for earnest deeds—Then
 as we trace our wea-ry way, And count each lost and misspent day, We
 who shall at the Saviour's feet, Be-fore the aw-ful judgment-seat, Lay

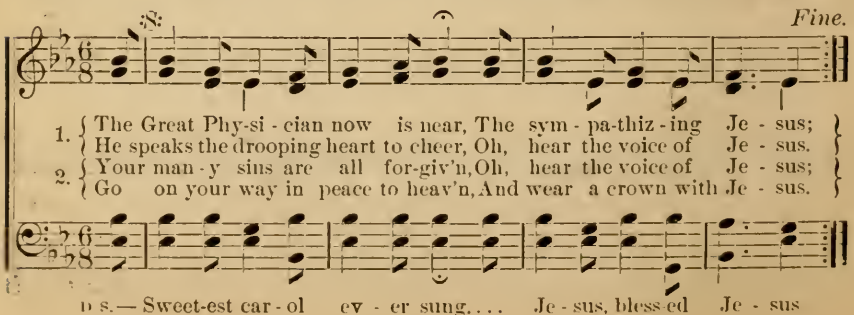


reap from years of strife— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
 reap, with toil and pain, Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
 sad-ly find at last— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
 down for gold-en sheaves, Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!

No. 87.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

Fine.


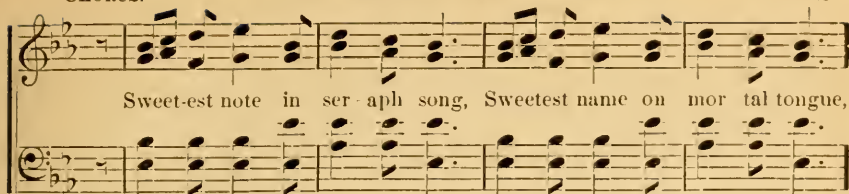
1. { The Great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus; }
 { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus. }
 2. { Your man-y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus; }
 { Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus. }

U.S.— Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung... Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus

CHORUS.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

D. S.



3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.—CHO.

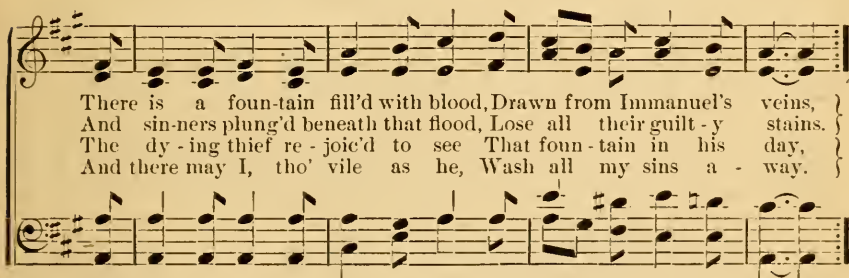
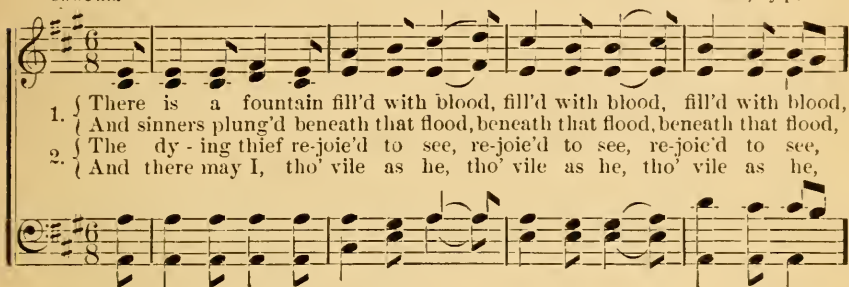
4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.—CHO.

No. 88.

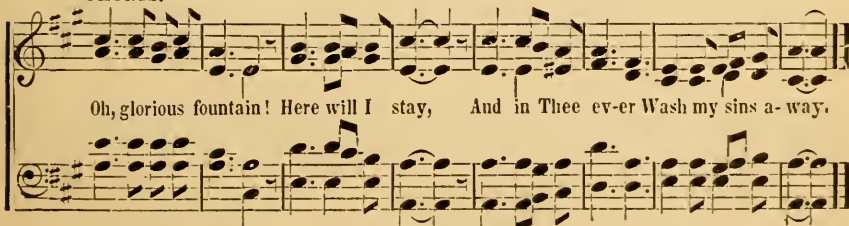
GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.

COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.



CHORUS.




3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood :||
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd :|| Church of God :||
Are saved, to sin no more

4 E'er since by faith :|| I saw the stream :||
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love :|| has been my theme, :||
And shall be till I die.

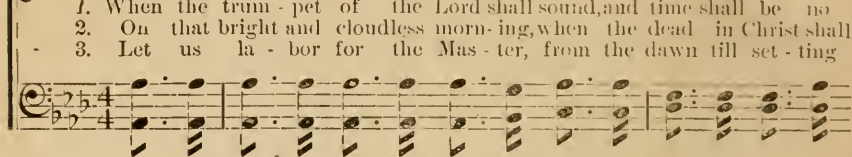

No. 89. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED.

B. M. J.

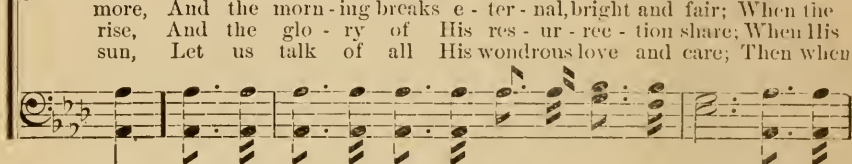

J. M. BLACK



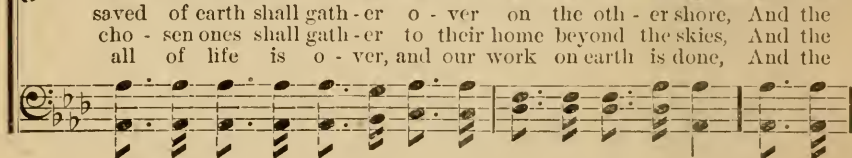
1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no
 2. On that bright and cloudless morn - ing, when the dead in Christ shall
 3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter, from the dawn till set - ting

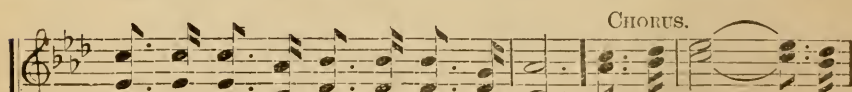
more, And the morn - ing breaks e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the
 rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His
 sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when

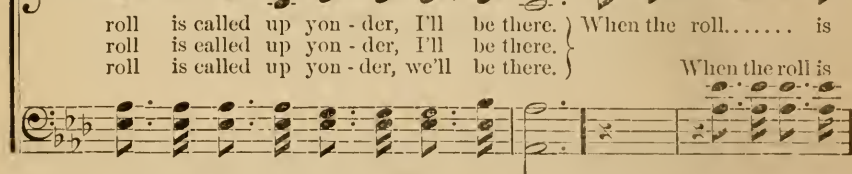

saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
 cho - sen ones shall gath - er to their home beyond the skies, And the
 all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the



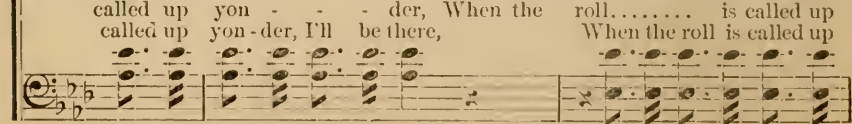
CHORUS.



roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. } When the roll..... is
 roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. }
 roll is called up yon - der, we'll be there. } When the roll is

called up yon - der, When the roll..... is called up
 called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up



WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED.

you - - - der, When the roll..... is called up
 you - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

you - der, When the roll is called up you - der, I'll be there.

No. 90

AWAKE, MY SOUL.

P. DODDRIDGE.

(CHRISTMAS. C. M.)

HANDEL.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vig-or on; A
 2. A cloud of wit-ness - es a-round Holds thee in full sur - vey; For-
 3. 'Tis God's all-an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis

heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown, And an immortal crown.
 get the steps already trod, And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way.
 His own hand presents the prize To thine aspiring eye—To thine aspiring eye.

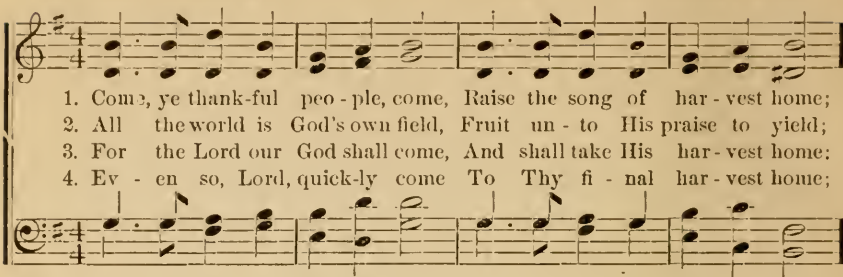
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright, Which shall new lustre boast,
 When victors' wreaths and monarchs' Shall blend in common dust. [gems
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee, Have I my race begun;
 And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet I'll lay my honors down.

No. 91. COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE!

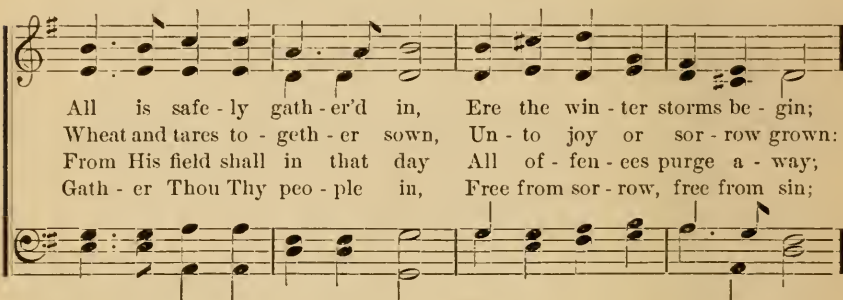
(ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7, 7, 7, 7. D.)

REV. HENRY LILFORD, 1844.

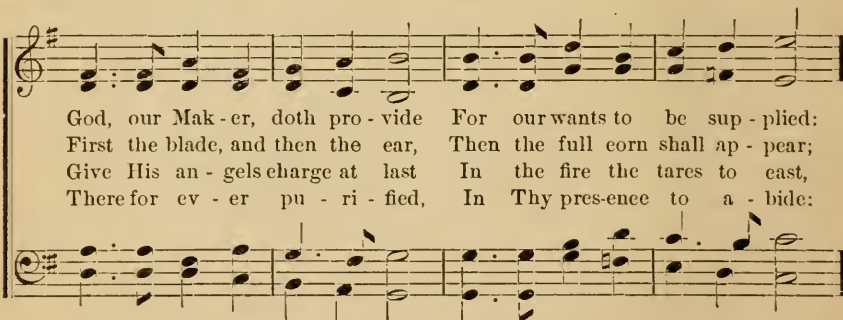
SIR GEORGE J. ELVEY.



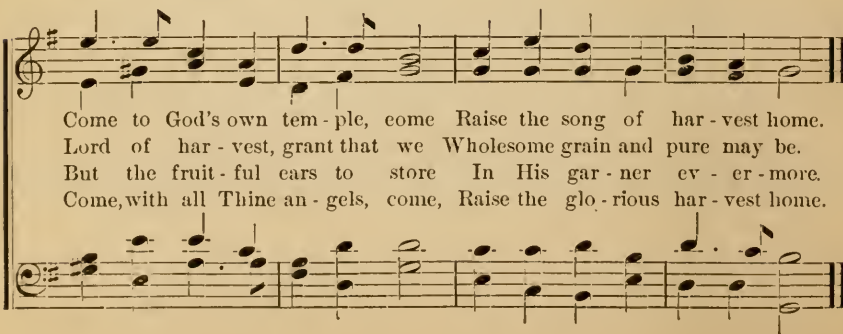
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home;
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield;
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har-vest home;
 4. Ev-en so, Lord, quick-ly come To Thy fi-nal har-vest home;



All is safe-ly gath-er'd in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
 Wheat and tares to-geth-er sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown:
 From His field shall in that day All of-fen-ces purge a-way;
 Gath-er Thou Thy peo-ple in, Free from sor-row, free from sin;



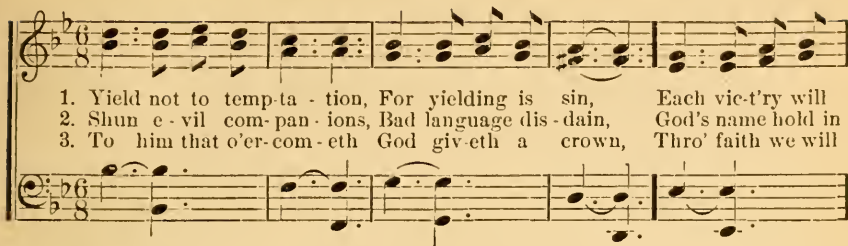
God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied:
 First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear;
 Give His an-gels charge at last In the fire the tares to east,
 There for ev-er pu-ri-fied, In Thy pres-ence to a-bide:



Come to God's own tem-ple, come Raise the song of har-vest home.
 Lord of har-vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
 But the fruit-ful ears to store In His gar-ner ev-er-more.
 Come, with all Thine an-gels, come, Raise the glo-rious har-vest home.

No. 92. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. PALMER. By per.



1. Yield not to tempt-a - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
 2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we will

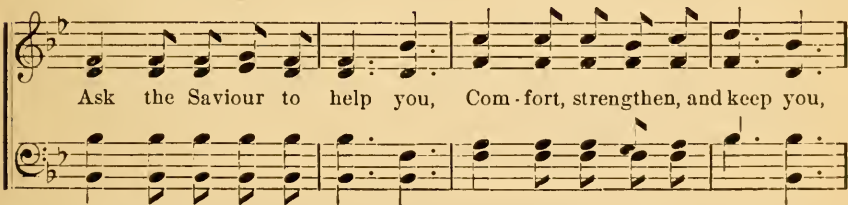


help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward,
 rev'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and ear - nest,
 conquer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,

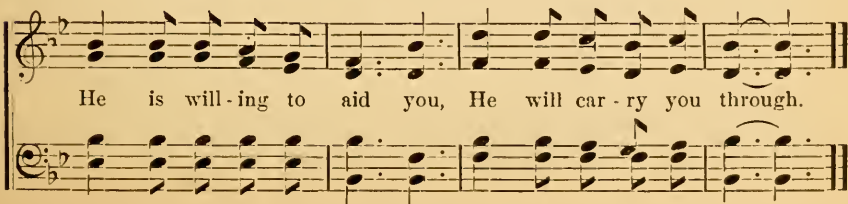


Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
 Kind - hearted and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
 Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.

CHORUS.



Ask the Saviour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you,



He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

No. 93.

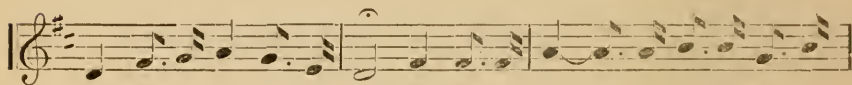
OH, HOLY NIGHT.

Words art by FLORENCE LE CLAIR.

ADAM.

p Andante.

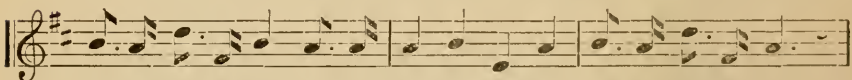
1. Oh, ho - ly night! the stars are brightly shin - ing, It is the
2. God's precious gift, each heart and voice re-joic - es, We hail the
3. Tru - ly He taught us all to love each oth - er; His law is



night of the dear Saviour's birth. Long lay the world in sin and sor - row
 birth of the long promis'd One. God's gift of love; with all our hearts and
 love and His Gos-pel is peace; Good will on earth, with ev - 'ry man a



pin-ing, Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth; A thrill of joy the
 voic - es We praise the Name of the life-giving Son. He came to earth, Who
 broth-er And in His Name all oppression shall cease. With hymns of joy and

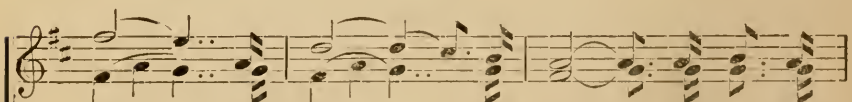
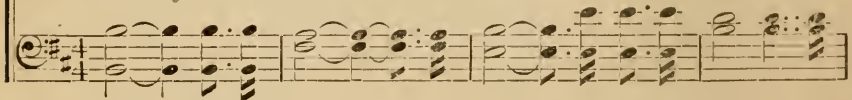


wea-ry world re-joic - es, For yon-der breaks a new and glorious morn.
 left His home in heav-en To bring good news and hope sublime to men.
 grateful ad - o - ra - tion, Let all with-in us praise His ho - ly Name.

CHORUS.



ff Fall... on your knees,... Oh, hear... the an-gel voic - es, Oh,



night..... di - vine,..... Oh, night... when Christ was



OH, HOLY NIGHT.

born, Oh, night di - vine, Oh, night, Oh, night di - vine

No. 94. O JESUS, THOU ART STANDING.

WILLIAM W. HOW.

(ST. HILDA. 7s, 6s. D.)

E. HUSBAND.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand ing Out - side the fast-clos'd door, In
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knocking: And lo! that hand is scarr'd, And

low - ly pa-tience wait-ing To pass the threshold o'er; We bear the
thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marr'd; Oh, love that

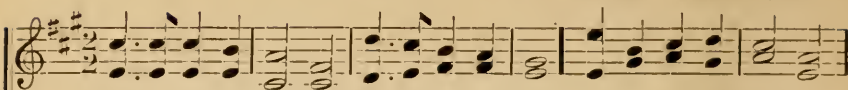
name of Christians, His name and sign we bear: Oh, shame, thrice shame up-
pass-eth knowledge, So pa - tient-ly to wait! Oh, sin that hath no

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading In accents meek and low. —
"I died for you, My children, And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow, We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter, And leave us nevermore.

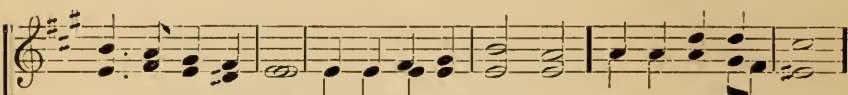
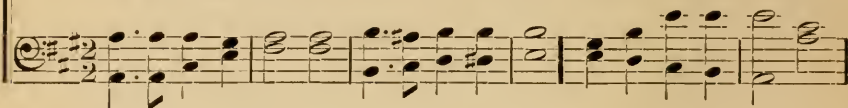
No. 95. WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

(HERMAS. 6, 5, 6, 5, D)

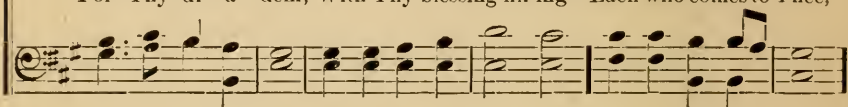
FRANCES S. HAVERGAL, 1871.



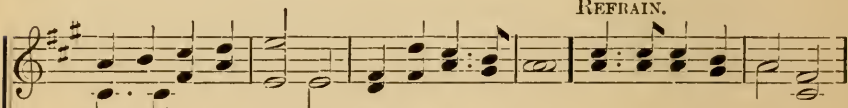
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His helpers
2. Not for weight of glo-ry, Not for crown and palm, En-ter we the ar-my,
3. Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,



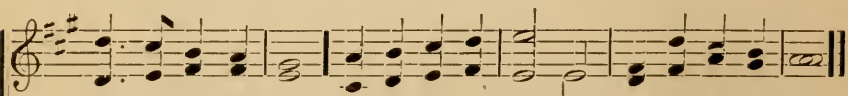
Other lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
 Raise the warrior psalm; But for Love that claimeth Lives for whom He died:
 For Thy di-a-dem; With Thy blessing fill-ing Each who comes to Thee,



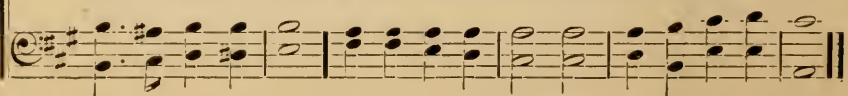
REFRAIN.



Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer-cy,
 He whom Je-sus nam-eth Must be on His side. By Thy love constraining,
 Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand redemption,



By Thy grace Di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine.
 By Thy grace Di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine.
 By Thy grace Di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine.

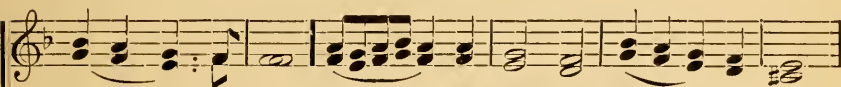
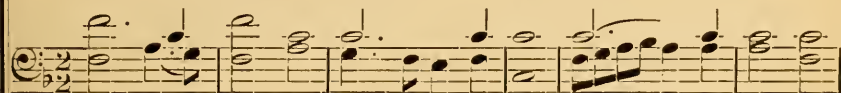


CHARLES WESLEY.

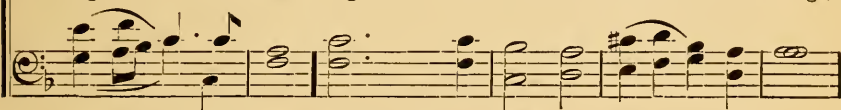
HANDEL.



1. Hark! the her - ald - an - - gels sing, "Glo - - ry to the
 2 Joy - ful, all ye na - - tions, rise, Join..... the triumphs
 3. Christ, by high - est heaven.... a - dored, Christ.... the ev - er -
 4. Hail! the heaven-born Prince.... of peace! Hail..... the Sun of



new - - born King; Peace.... on earth, and mer - cy mild;
 of..... the skies; With.... an - gel - ic hosts.... pro - claim,
 last - - ing Lord; Veiled.... in flesh the God - - head see;
 right - - eous-ness! Light.... and life to all..... He brings,



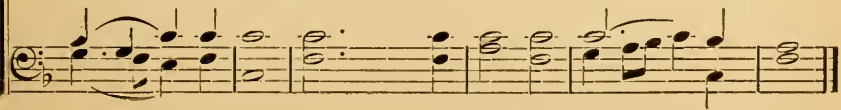
REFRAIN.



God..... and sin - ners rec - - onciled."
 "Christ.... is born in Beth - - le - hem."
 Hail,..... in - car - nate De - - i - ty! } Hark! the her - ald
 Risen.... with heal - ing in..... His wings.



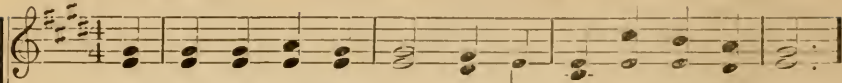
an - - gels sing, Glo - - ry to the new - - born King.



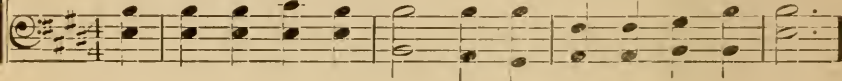
SAMUEL J. STONE, 1866.

(AURELIA. 7, 6, 7, 6, D.)

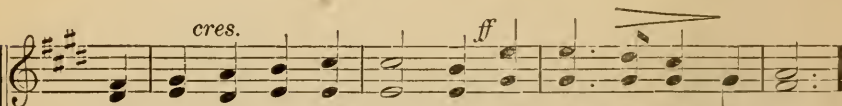
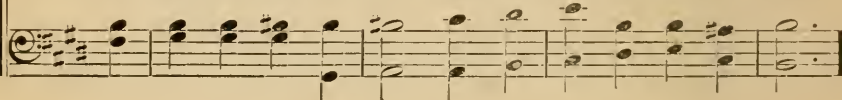
SAMUEL S. WESLEY, 1864.



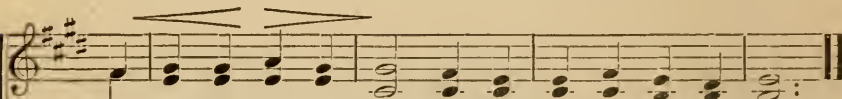
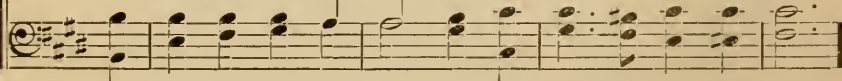
1. The Church's one Foun - da - tion Is Je sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,



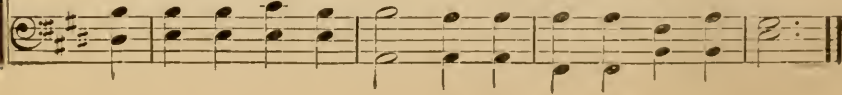
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;
 And mys - tic sweet com - mu - nion With those whose rest is won:



From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly Bride;
 One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
 Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
 O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we,



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
 And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest.
 Like them the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee.



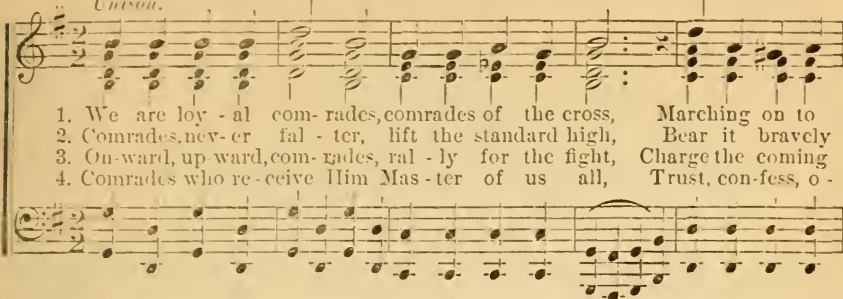
No. 98. COMRADES OF THE CROSS.

REV. F. WATSON HANNAN.

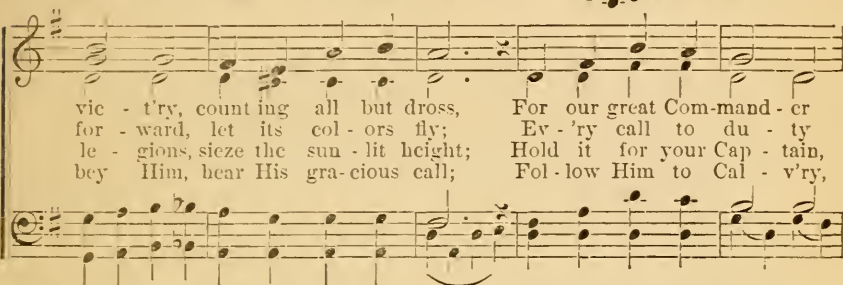
(Dedicated to Rev. T. S. Henderson.)

I. H. MEREDITH.

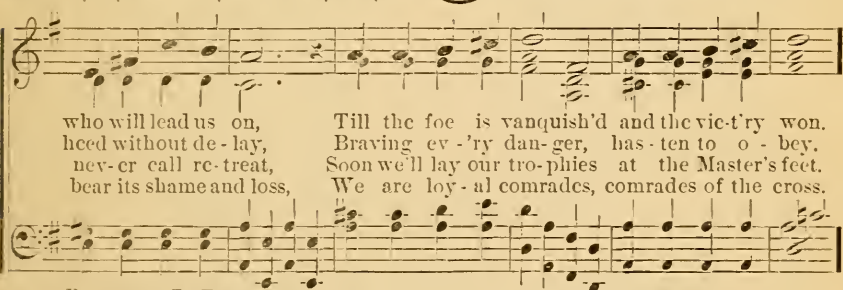
Unison.



1. We are loy - al com - rades, comrades of the cross, Marching on to
2. Comrades, nev - er fal - ter, lift the standard high, Bear it bravely
3. On - ward, up - ward, com - rades, ral - ly for the fight, Charge the coming
4. Comrades who re - ceive Him Mas - ter of us all, Trust, con - fess, o -



vic - t'ry, count ing all but dross, For our great Com - mand - er
for - ward, let its col - ors fly; Ev - 'ry call to du - ty
le - gions, sieze the sun - lit height; Hold it for your Cap - tain,
bey Him, hear His gra - cious call; Fol - low Him to Cal - v'ry,

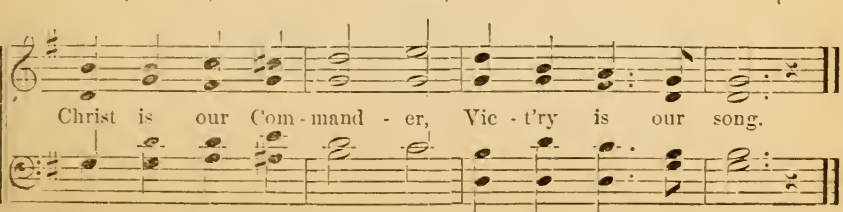


who will lead us on, Till the foe is vanquish'd and the vic-t'ry won.
heed without de - lay, Braving ev - 'ry dan - ger, has - ten to o - bey.
nev - er call re - treat, Soon we'll lay our tro - phies at the Master's feet.
bear its shame and loss, We are loy - al comrades, comrades of the cross.

REFRAIN. *In Parts.*



For - ward, then, ye comrades, Loy - al, brave, and strong,
For - ward, for - ward, then, ye com - rades, and strong.



Christ is our Com - mand - er, Vic - t'ry is our song.

mf Adagio e Legato. *f*

1. { I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; }
 { Earth is a desert drear, Heav'n is my home; } Danger and sorrow stand
 2. { What tho' the tempest rage? Heav'n is my home; } [blast]
 { Short is my pil-grimage, Heav'n is my home; } Time's eold and wintry

Round me on ev'-ry hand; Heav'n is my Fatherland, Heav'n is my home.
 Soon will be o-ver-past; I shall reach home at last; Heav'n is my home.

3 Peace! O my troubled soul,
 Heav'n is my home;
 I soon shall reach the goal,
 Heav'n is my home;
 Swiftly the race I'll run,
 Yield up my crown to none,
 Forward! the prize is won,
 Heav'n is my home.

4 There, at my Saviour's side,
 Heav'n is my home;
 I shall be glorified,
 Heav'n is my home;
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I loved most and best,
 There, too, I soon shall rest,
 Heav'n is my home.

No. 100.

A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

ISAAC WATTS.

(ARLINGTON, C. M.)

ARNE.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the Cross, A follower of the Lamb,
 2. Must I be ear-ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,
 3. Are there no foes for me to faee? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Sure I must fight if I would reign—In-crease my cour-age, Lord:

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth-ers fight to win the prize, And sail thro' blood-y seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-ported by Thy word

No. 101. HOLY SPIRIT FAITHFUL GUIDE.

M. M. W.

MARCUS M. WELLS.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }
 2. { Gent - ly lead us, by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land; }
 3. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend, }
 4. { Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark - ness here; }
 5. { When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re - lease, }
 6. { Noth-ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Trusting that our names are there; }

D.C.—Whis-per soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,
 When the storms are rag - ing sore Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood. Plead-ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

No. 102.

I DO BELIEVE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Unknown.

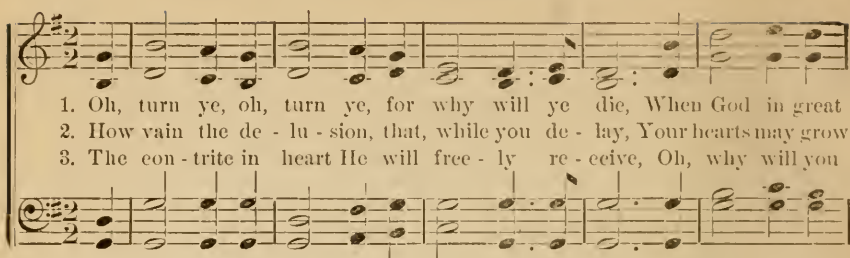
1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
 2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure Be - fore I drew my breath;
 3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve; I now should feel Thy pow'r;
 4. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;

CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;

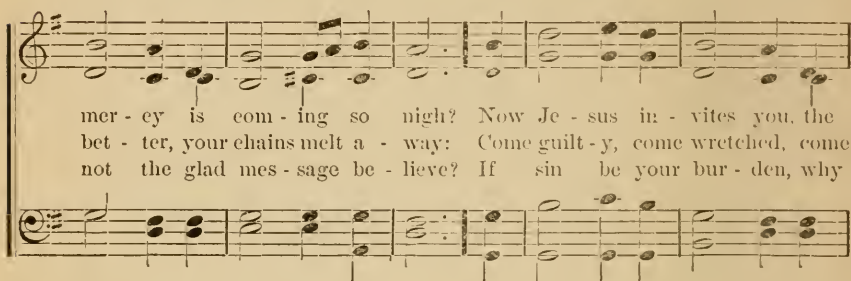
D. C. Chorus.

If Thou withdraw Thy - self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
 What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
 And all my wants Thou would'st relieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.
 Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul with - out it dies.
 And thro' His blood, His pre - cious blood I shall from sin be free.

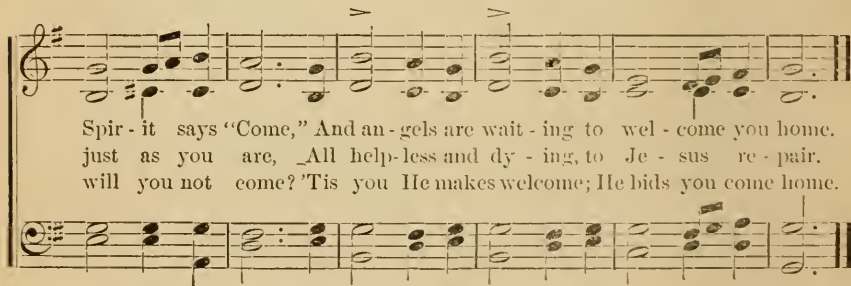
No. 103. HE BIDS YOU COME HOME.



1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great
2. How vain the de-lu-sion, that, while you de-lay, Your hearts may grow
3. The con-trite in heart He will free-ly re-ceive, Oh, why will you



mer-ey is com-ing so nigh? Now Je-sus in-vites you, the
bet-ter, your chains melt a-way: Come guilt-y, come wretched, come
not the glad mes-sage be-lieve? If sin be your bur-den, why



Spir-it says "Come," And an-gels are wait-ing to wel-come you home.
just as you are, All help-less and dy-ing, to Je-sus re-pair.
will you not come? 'Tis you He makes welcome; He bids you come home.

No. 104. I CAN, I WILL, I DO BELIEVE.



1. I'm kneeling at the mercy seat, Where Jesus answers prayer.
Choro.—I can, I will, I do believe, That Jesus saves me now.
2. Refining fire, go through my heart, Illuminate my soul.
3. O that it now from heaven might fall, And all my sins consume.

No. 105.

ONLY TRUST HIM,

J. H. S.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely
 2. For Jesus shed His precious blood Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now in to the
 3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth the Way, That leads you in to rest; Be-lieve in Him with-
 4. Come, then, and join this holy band, And on to glo-ry go, To dwell in that ce-

CHORUS.

give you rest. By trusting in His word.
 crimson flood That washes white as snow.
 out de-lay, And you are fair-ly blest.
 les-tial land, Where joys immortal flow.

On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him,

Only trust Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

No. 106. PEACE, PERFECT PEACE,

BISHOP EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

G. T. CALDBECK.

1. Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin? The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2. Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed? To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
3. Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging 'round? On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found
4. Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away? In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
5. Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown? Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
6. Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours? Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
7. It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease, And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

No. 107.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

JOSEPH BARNEY.

pp *p* *cres.* *f*

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
 3. Thro' the long night watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
 4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise
 5. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,

p *all.* *pp*

Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With Thy tend'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 Their white wings a - bove us, Watch - ing round each bed.
 Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
 And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run.

ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.

No. 108.

COME UNTO ME.

(HENLEY. 11. 10.)

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Come un - to Me when shadows darkly gath - er, When the sad heart is
 D. S.—Come un - to me, and
 2. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling, Glad are the homes that
 D. S.—Soft are the tones which
 3. There, like an E - den blossom - ing in gladness, Bloom the fair flowers
 D. S.—Come un - to Me, and

Fine. *D. S.*

wea - ry and distressed, Seek - ing for comfort from your heavenly Father,
 I will give you rest.
 sor - rows nev - er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic swelling,
 raise the heavenly hymn.
 the earth too rudely pressed; Come unto Me, all ye who droop in sadness,
 I will give you rest.

1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark-ness dis - ap - pears,

The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
D. S.—Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far,

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel-call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is comel"

No. 110.

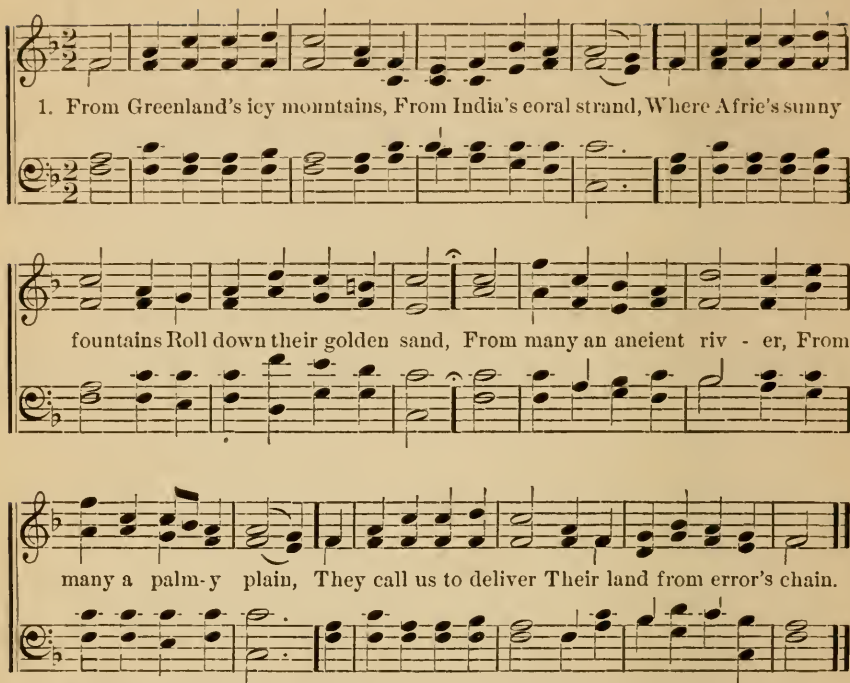
STAND UP FOR JESUS.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the Cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet-call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer.
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.



2 What though the spiey breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen, in their blindness
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 112. HAIL TO THE LORD'S ANOINTED.

1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppressions,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgressions,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:

Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,
That name to us is LOVE!

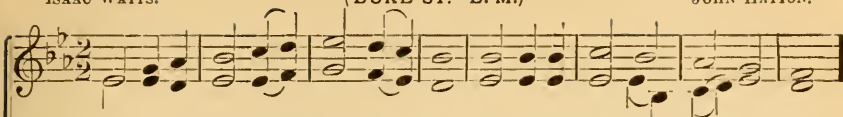
No. 113.

HE SHALL REIGN.

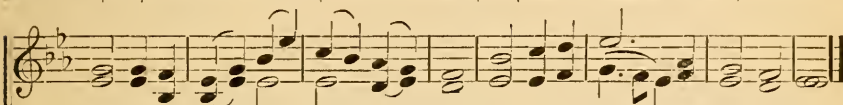
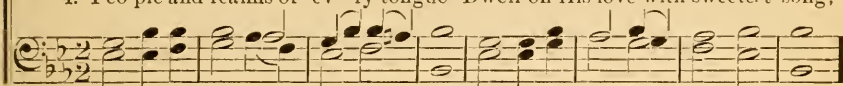
ISAAC WATTS.

(DUKE ST. L. M.)

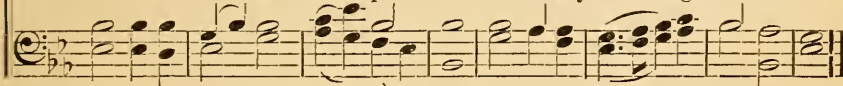
JOHN HATTON.



1. Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his succes-sive jour-neys run;
2. From north to south the prin-ces meet To pay their homage at His feet;
3. To Him shall endless pray'r be made, And endless praises crown His head;
4. Peo-ple and realms of ev-'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song;



His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 While western em-pires own their Lord, And savage tribes at-tend His word.
 His name like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac-ri-fice.
 And in-fant voic-es shall pro-claim Their early bless-ings on His name.



No. 114.

GLORYING IN THE CROSS.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

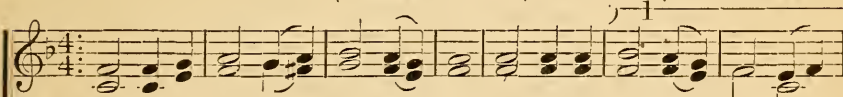
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 115.

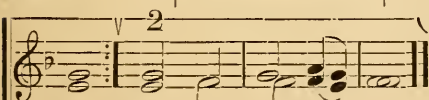
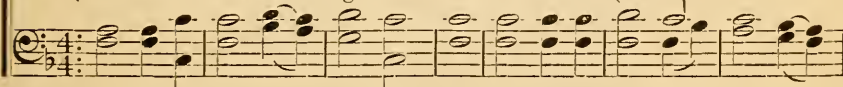
ASHAMED OF JESUS.

(HAMBURG. L. M.)

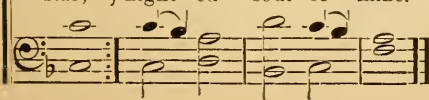
Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



1. { Je-sus, and shall it ev-er be, A mortal man a-sham'd of
 Asham'd of Thee, whom an-gels praise, Whose glories (*Omit.*.....)
2. { Asham'd of Je-sus! soon-er far Let evening blush to own a
 He sheds the beams of light di-vine O'er this be- (*Omit.*.....)



Thee? } shine thro' end-less days.
 star; } night-ed soul of mine.



- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
 'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
 Bright Morning star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
 No; when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere His name.

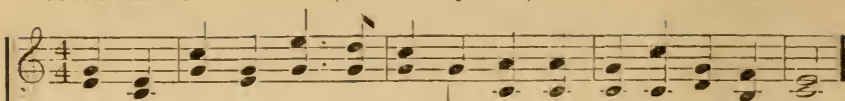
No. 116.

CHRIST IS FIRST.

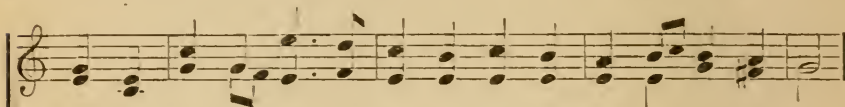
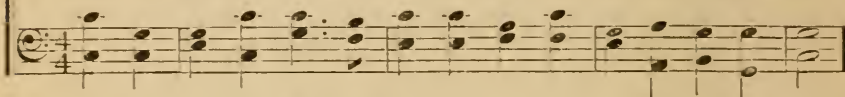
E. D. STONEHILL,

(REGENCY SQUARE.)

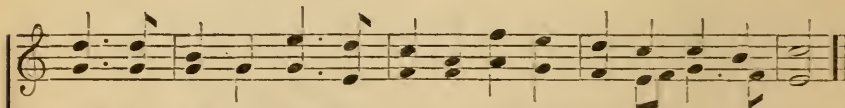
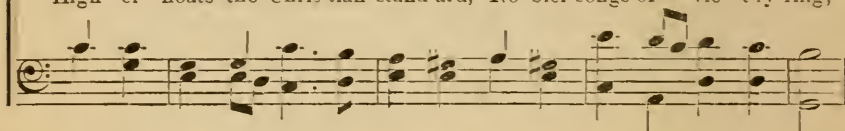
HENRY SMART.



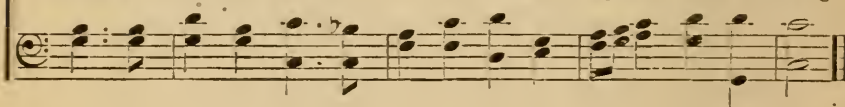
1. Com-rades of the Cross! press onward, Forward march to vic - to - ry;
2. Swift and fierce your foes as - sail you, Front and rear, with-out, with - in;
3. Christ con - fess - ing, con-stant bless-ing Shall at - tend you day by day;
4. Christ is first, and Christ for - ev - er! Joy - ful - ly the le gions sing;



Like the "sound of ma - ny wa - ters," Lift your voi - ces, glad and free;
 Buck - le on the shin - ing ar - mor, Proof a - gainst the darts of sin;
 And the cross you brave-ly car - ry, Shed its glo - ry on your way;
 High - er floats the Chris-tian stand - ard, No - bler songs of vic - t'ry ring;

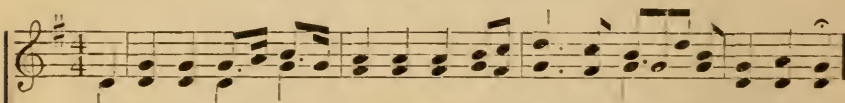


Christ is first, and Christ for - ev - er! This your watchword ev - er be.
 Val - iant-heart - ed, stand to - gether, Shout your watchword, ev - er win.
 Dark-ness, doubt, and fear dis - pell-ing, While you work, and watch, and pray.
 Christ is first, and Christ for - ev - er! Christ, our Cap-tain, Christ, our King.

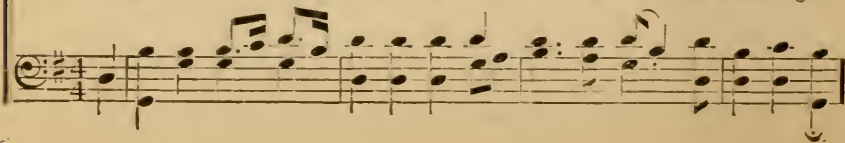


No. 117.

LOVING-KINDNESS.



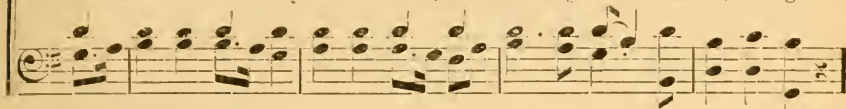
1. A-wake, my soul, to joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise,
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet lov'd me, not - with stand-ing all;



LOVING-KINDNESS.



He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost es-tate, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!



Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!

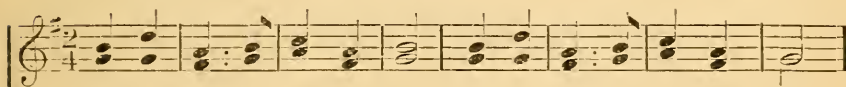


- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my will oppose,
He safely leads my soul along.
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
Loving-kindness, loving kindness,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!</p> | <p>4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood.
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!
Loving-kindness, loving kindness,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!</p> |
|---|--|

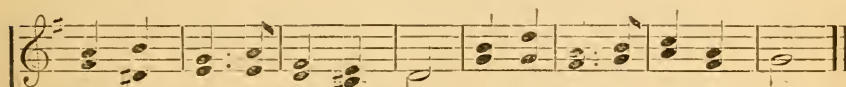
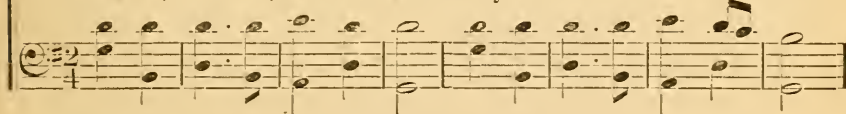
No. 118.

HASTEN, SINNER.

(PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7.)



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Hast-en, sin-ner, to be wise! 'Stay not for the mor-row's sun:
2. Hast-en, mer-cy to im-plore! Stay not for the mor-row's sun,
3. Hast-en, sin-ner, to re-turn! Stay not for the mor-row's sun:</p> | <p>1. Hast-en, sin-ner, to be wise! 'Stay not for the mor-row's sun:
2. Hast-en, mer-cy to im-plore! Stay not for the mor-row's sun,
3. Hast-en, sin-ner, to re-turn! Stay not for the mor-row's sun:</p> |
|---|---|



Wis-dom, if you still de-spise, Hard-er is it to be won.
Lest the sea-son should be o'er Ere this evening's stage be run.
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn Ere sal-va-tion's work is done.



1. { Love that bought thee,—love un - dy - ing, Calls, calls to - day. }
 { Wea ry one, in bond - age sigh - ing, Come, come to - day! }
 2. { Love that pass - eth hu - man tell - ing Calls thee to - day. }
 { Haste, ac - cept this love ex - cell - ing; Come, come to - day! }
 3. { Love that went to Cal - v'ry's mountain Calls thee to - day. }
 { Love un - told, a liv - ing foun - tain! Come, come to - day! }

Lin - ger not, for darkness fall - eth! Lin - ger not, for sin ap - palleth!
 Leave thy cares and griefs distressing, Je - sus hath un - bounded blessing!
 All thy chains thy King shall sev - er, Guide and guard and love thee ev - er,

Lin - ger not—'tis Je - sus call - eth, "Come, come to - day!"
 Rich thou't be, His love pos - sess - ing, "Come, come to - day!"
 Thou shalt be for - sak - en nev - er! "Come, come to - day!"

Copyright, 1902, by Tali Esen Morgan.

Hear, Fa ther, hear our pray'r! Thy blessed an - swer give! May we our
 hearts for Thee pre - pare, And ev - er to Thee live. A - MEN.

No. 121.

THE SOLID ROCK.

E. MOTE.

Wm. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness; }
 { I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name; }

On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand ; All oth - er ground is sink-ing sand,

All oth - er ground is sink-ing sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
 I rest on His unchanging grace;
 In every high and stormy gale,
 My anchor holds within the vale.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
 Support me in the whelming flood;
 When all around my soul gives way,
 He then is all my hope and stay.

No. 122.

AS PANTS THE HART.

TATE AND BRADY, 1696.

(SIMPSON. C. M.)

LOUIS SPOHR.

1. As pants the hart for cool-ing streams When heat-ed in the chase,
 2. For Thee, my God, the liv-ing God, My thirst-y soul doth pine;
 3. Why rest-less, why cast down, my soul? Hope still, and thou shalt sing

So pants my soul, O God, for Thee And Thy re-fresh-ing grace.
 Oh, when shall I be-hold Thy face, Thou Ma-jes-ty Di-vine?
 The praise of Him who is thy God, Thy health's e-ter-nal Spring.

No. 123.

TWO LITTLE HANDS.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. I've two lit - tle hands to work for Je - sus, One lit - tle tongue His
 2. I've two lit - tle feet to tread the pathway Up to the heav'n - ly
 3. I've one lit - tle heart to give to Je - sus, One lit - tle soul for

praise to tell, Two lit - tle ears to hear His coun - sel,
 courts a - bove; Two lit - tle eyes to read the Bi - ble,
 Him to save, One lit - tle life for His dear ser - vice,

CHORUS.

One lit - tle voice a song to swell.
 Tell - ing of Je - sus' wondrous love. } Lord, we come, Lord, we come,
 One lit - tle self that He must have. }

1 In our childhood's ear - ly morn - ing, Come to learn of Thee.
 2

By permission of David C. Cook.

No. 124.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.

MASON.

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is
 2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill brightest hours with
 3. Work, for the night is coming, Un - der the sunset skies; While their bright tints are

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.

cres.

sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the
la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev - ery fly - ing min - ute Something to
glowing, Work, for daylight flies; Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fadeth to

glow - ing sun; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
keep in store: Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
shine no more; Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.

No. 125.

TRIUMPHANT ZION.

(TRURO. L. M.)

P. DODDRIDGE.

Williams's Psalmody Evangelica, 1789.

1. Triumphant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead;
2. Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy various charms be known:

Tho' humbled long, a - wake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
The world thy glo - ries shall con - fess, Decked in the robes of right - eous - ness.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 3 No more shall foes unclean invade, | 4 God from on high has heard thy prayer; |
| And fill thy hallowed walls with dread; | His hand thy ruins shall repair; |
| No more shall hell's insulting host | Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease |
| Their victory and thy sorrows boast. | To guard thee in eternal peace. |

No. 126.

JESUS IS MINE!

Mrs. C. J. BONAR.

T. E. PERKINS, by per.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie,
 2. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawning light,
 3. Farewell, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, c - ter - ni - ty,

Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness, Earth has no
 Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried Left but a
 Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest, Wel - come, sweet

rest - ing - place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
 dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
 scenes of rest, Wel - come, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

No. 127.

GLORY TO HIS NAME.

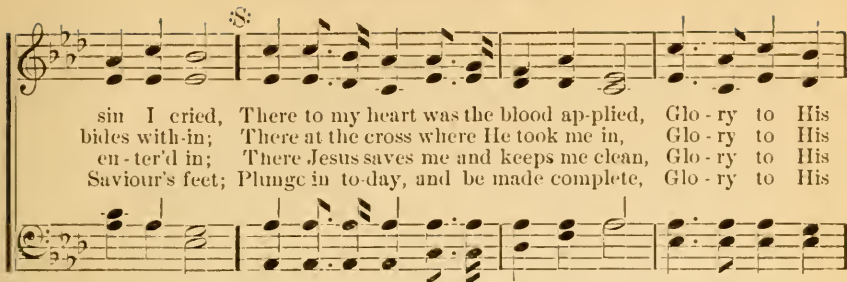
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from
 2. I am so won - drous - ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a -
 3. Oh, pre - cious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
 4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul at the

GLORY TO HIS NAME.

S.



sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied, Glo - ry to His
bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in, Glo - ry to His
en - ter'd in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo - ry to His
Saviour's feet; Plungc in to-day, and be made complete, Glo - ry to His

D.S.—There to my heart was the blood applied, Glo - ry to His

Fine. CHORUS. *D.S.*



name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name.
name.

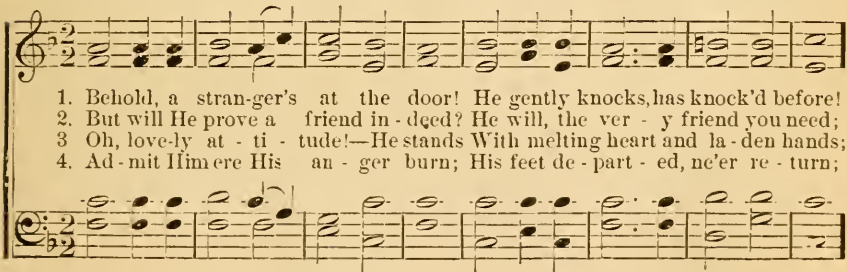
No. 128.

BEHOLD, A STRANGER.

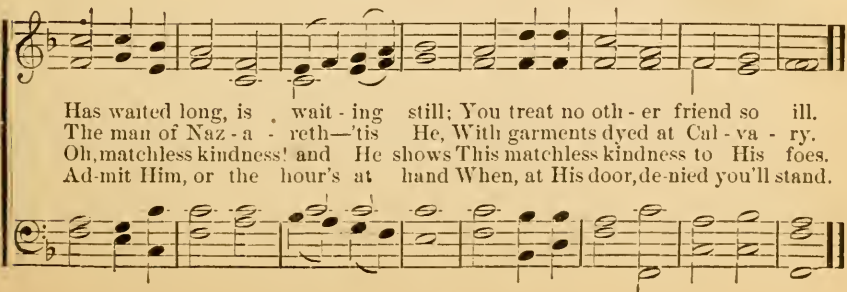
JOSEPH GRIGG.

(FEDERAL STREET. L. M.)

H. K. OLIVER.



1. Behold, a stran-ger's at the door! He gently knocks, has knock'd before!
2. But will He prove a friend in - duced? He will, the ver - y friend you need;
3. Oh, love-ly at - ti - tude!—He stands With melting heart and la - den hands;
4. Ad - mit Him ere His an - ger burn; His feet de - part - ed, ne'er re - turn;



Has waited long, is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
The man of Naz - a - reth—'tis He, With garments dyed at Cal - va - ry.
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
Ad-mit Him, or the hour's at hand When, at His door, de-nied you'll stand.

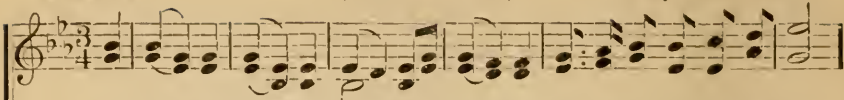
No. 129.

O COULD I SPEAK.

S. MEDLEY.

(ARIEL. C. P. M.)

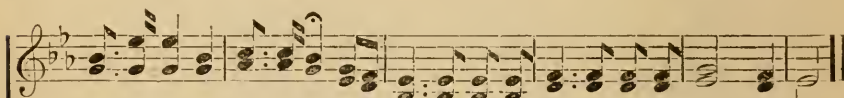
Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



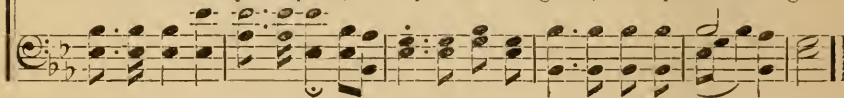
1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth,
2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt
3. I'd sing the char- ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
4. Well, the de - lightful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home,



Which in my Sav-iour shine; I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And
 Of sin and wrath di - vine; I'd sing His glo-rious righteousness, In
 Ex - alt - ed on His throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I
 And I shall see His face; Then with my Sav-iour, Brother, Friend, A



vie with Gabriel while he sings In notes almost divine, In notes almost di - vine.
 which all-perfect, heavenly dress My soul shall ever shine, My soul shall ever shine.
 would to everlasting days Make all His glories known, Make all His glories known.
 blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.



No. 130.

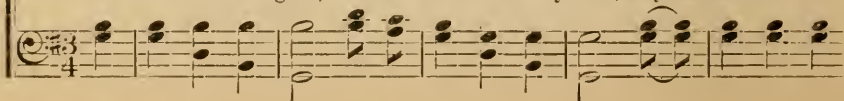
REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. PATON MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

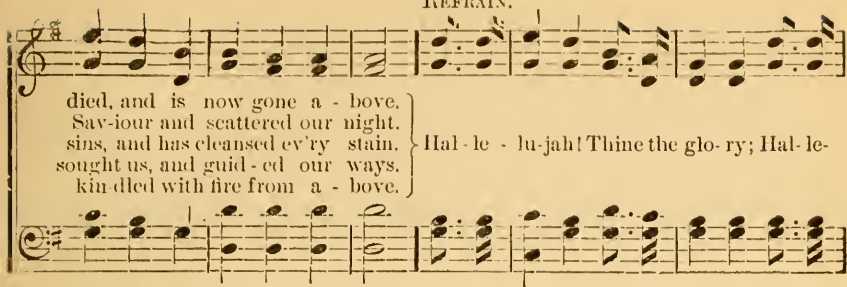


1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -

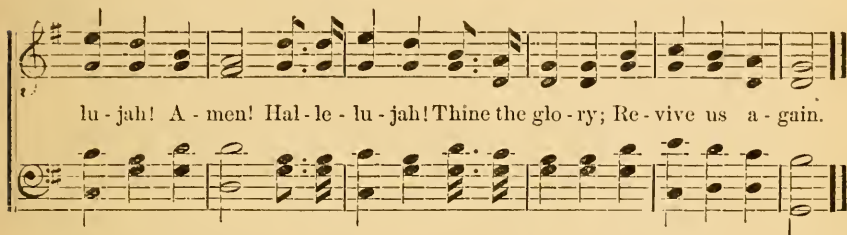


REVIVE US AGAIN.

REFRAIN.



died, and is now gone a - bove,
 Sav-iour and scattered our night.
 sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain. } Hal - le - lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry; Hal-le-
 sought us, and guid-ed our ways, }
 kin dled with fire from a - bove. }



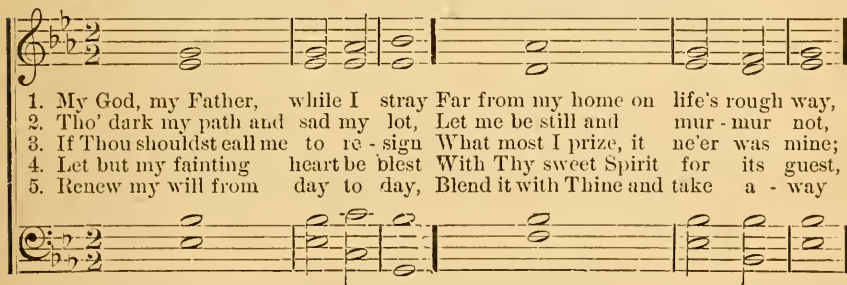
lu-jah! A-men! Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry; Re-vive us a-gain.

No. 131.

MY GOD, MY FATHER.

MISS CHARLOTTE ELLICOTT,

ARTHUR HENRY DYKE ACLAND TROYTE.



1. My God, my Father, while I stray Far from my home on life's rough way,
 2. Tho' dark my path and sad my lot, Let me be still and mur-mur not,
 3. If Thou shouldst call me to re-sign What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
 4. Let but my fainting heart be blest With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
 5. Renew my will from day to day, Blend it with Thine and take a-way



O teach me from my heart to say, Thy will be done.
 Or breathe the prayer di-vine-ly taught, Thy will be done.
 I yield Thee only what is Thine, Thy will be done.
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest! Thy will be done.
 All that now makes it hard to say, Thy will be done.

No. 132.

ALL HAIL THE POWER.

PERKNET.

(CORONATION, C. M.)

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall,
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 133.

ARISE, MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(LENOX. H. M.)

LEWIS EDSON.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleed-ing
 2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede, His all - re -
 3. My God I'm rec-on - ciled; His pardoning voice I hear; He owns me

ARISE, MY SOUL.

Sac - ri - fice In my be-half ap pears; Before the throne my Surety stands,
deeming love, His precious blood to plead; His blood atoned for all our race,
for his child, I can no long-er fear; With con - fi-dence I now draw nigh,

Be-fore the throne my Surety stands; My name is written on His hands.
His blood a-toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
With con-fi-dence I now draw nigh, And Father, Ab-ba, Fa - ther, cry.

No. 134.

TURN TO THE LORD.

JOSEPH HART.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.

Fine.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
{ Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r. }

D.C.—Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord has come to reign.

CHORUS. Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;

All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all

1. The Lord de - scend - ed from a - bove, And bow'd the
 2. He sat se - rene up - on the floods, Their fu - ry

heavens most high, And un - der - neath His feet He
 to re - strain; And He as sov - ereign Lord and

cast The dark - - - - - ness of..... the sky.
 King For ev - - - - - er - more... shall reign.

On cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim Full roy - al - ly He rode,
 Give glo - ry to His aw - ful name, And hon - or Him a - lone;

And on the wings of might - y winds Came fly - ing all a - broad,
 Give wor - ship to His maj - es - ty Up - on His ho - ly throne,

THE LORD IS KING.

And on the wings of might - y winds Came fly - ing all a - broad.
Give wor - ship to His maj - es - ty Up - on His ho - ly throne.

No. 136.

JOY TO THE WORLD.

THOMAS STERNHOLD.

(ANTIOCH. C. M.)

HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King;

Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And

And heav'n and nature

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.

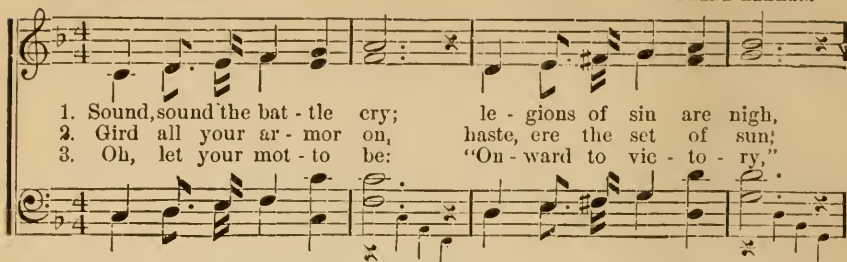
sing. And heav'n and nature sing.

- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns; He comes to make His blessings flow
Let men their songs employ; Far as the curse is found.
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
Repeat the sounding joy. And makes the nations prove
6 No more let sin and sorrow grow, The glories of His righteousness,
Nor thorns infest the ground; And wonders of His love.

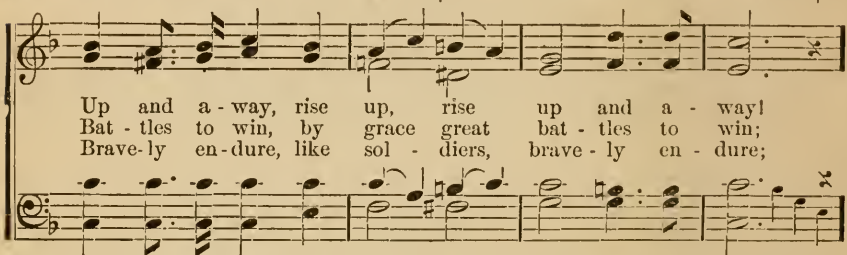
No. 137. FORWARD, YE SOLDIERS.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

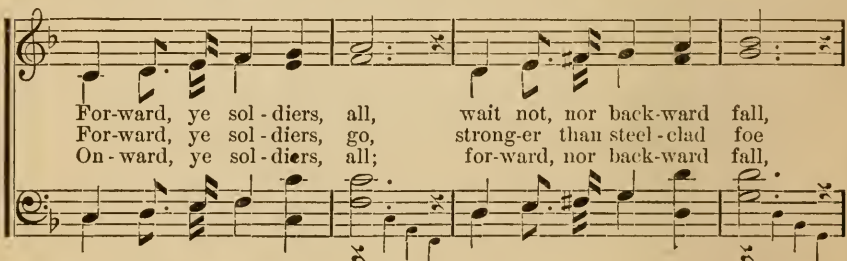
R. FRANK LEHMAN.



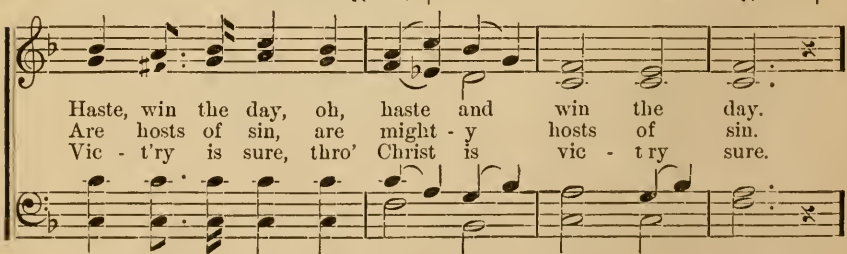
1. Sound, sound the bat - tle cry; le - gions of sin are nigh,
 2. Gird all your ar - mor on, haste, ere the set of sun;
 3. Oh, let your mot - to be: "On - ward to vic - to - ry,"



Up and a - way, rise up, rise up and a - way!
 Bat - tles to win, by grace great bat - tles to win;
 Brave - ly en - dure, like sol - diers, brave - ly en - dure;

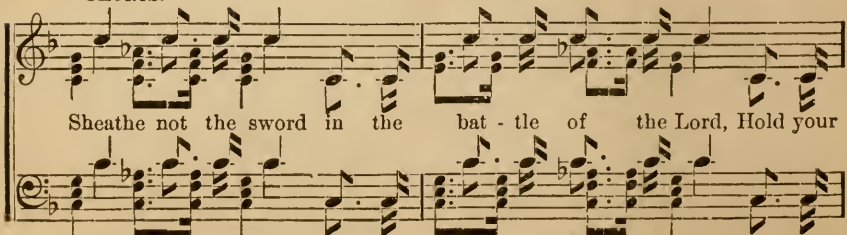


For - ward, ye sol - diers, all, wait not, nor back - ward fall,
 For - ward, ye sol - diers, go, strong - er than steel - clad foe
 On - ward, ye sol - diers, all; for - ward, nor back - ward fall,



Haste, win the day, oh, haste and win the day.
 Are hosts of sin, are might - y hosts of sin.
 Vic - t'ry is sure, thro' Christ is vic - t'ry sure.

CHORUS.



Sheathe not the sword in the bat - tle of the Lord, Hold your

FORWARD, YE SOLDIERS.

gleam-ing ban - ners high; . Hosts for the King will vic - t'ry bring

O'er the foes that hov - er nigh; Hosts for the King will a

glo - rious vic - t'ry bring O'er the foes that hov - er nigh.

No. 138. SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

G. W. DOANE.

(SEYMOUR. 7.)

VON WEBER.

pp

1. Soft - ly now the light of day, Fades up - on our sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon from us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;

dim. *pp*

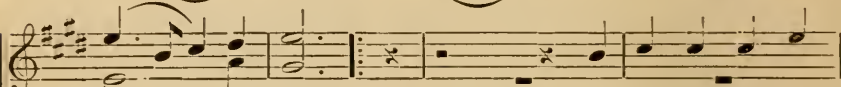
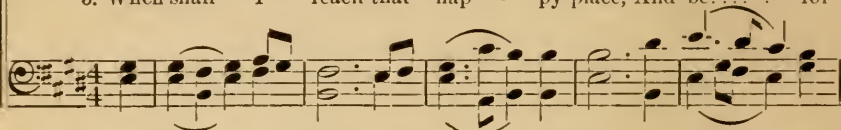
Free from care from la - bor free, Lord, we would com-mune with Thee.
 Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.
 Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT.

S. HIBBARD.



1. On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast.... a
 2. O'er all... those wide - ex - tend - ed pains Shines one.... e -
 3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be.... for -



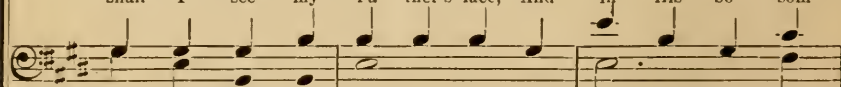
wish - - ful eye To Canaan's fair and
 ter - - nal day; There God the Son for
 ev - - er blest? When shall I see There
 my When



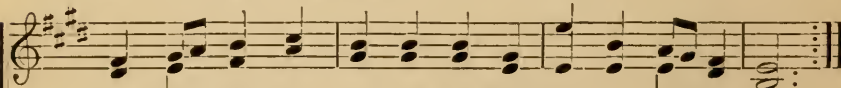
To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where
 There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And
 When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And



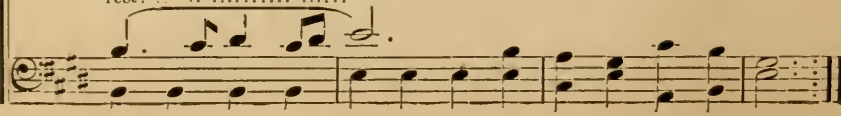
hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie; To
 Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions
 ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way. There
 God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a -
 Fa - ther's face, And in His bo - som rest? When
 shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bo - som



my pos - ses - sions lie.....
 scat - ters night a - way.....
 in His bo - som rest?.....



Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - sessions lie.
 lie.....
 God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
 way.....
 shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?
 rest?.....

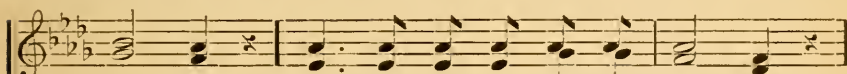


Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

W. G. TOMER.

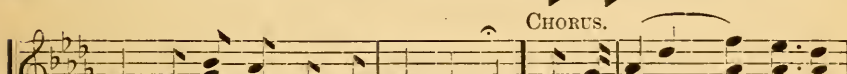


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up -
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se - cure - ly
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con -
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float - ing



hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
 hide you, Dai - ly man va still pro - vide you,
 found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you,
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you,

CHORUS.



God be with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet, till we
 Till we meet, till we



meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we
 meet a - gain, Till we meet,

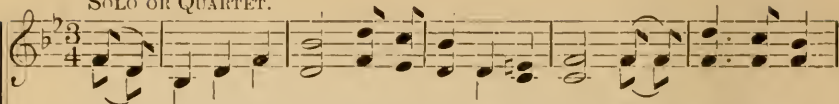


meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Till we meet, till we meet a - gain.

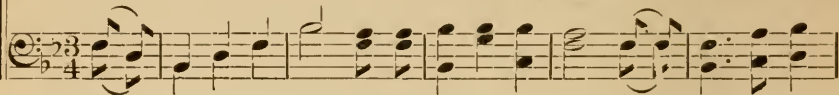
No. 141. THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

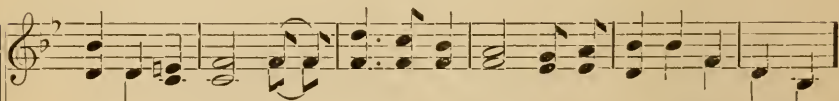
SOLO OR QUARTET.



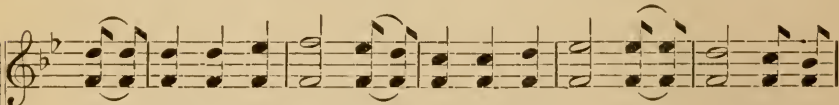
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And where is that band who so vaunting-ly swore That the hav - oc of
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their loved



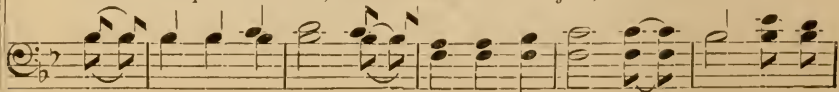
hailed at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion A home and a country should
home and wild war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the



per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly streaming?
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis - clos - es?
leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollu - tion.
heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion!



And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the
Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re -
No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and slave From the ter - ror of
Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our



THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

CHORUS.

night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet
fleet-ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled banner! oh, long may it
flight or the gloom of the grave: And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph doth
mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph shall

cres. *ff*

wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

No. 142.

AMERICA.

S. F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.

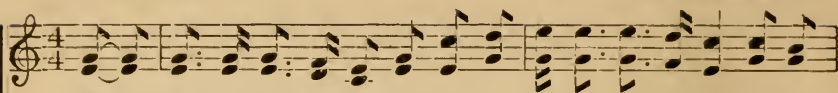
1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-erty, Of thee we sing; Land where my
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of Lib-erty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

fathers died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountain-side Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let Rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

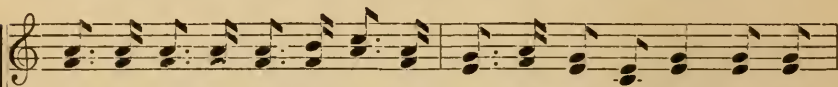
No. 144. BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

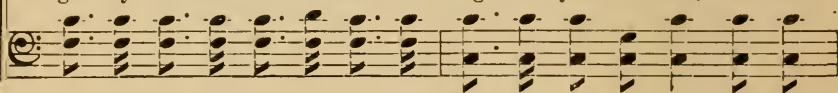
Old Camp Meeting Air.



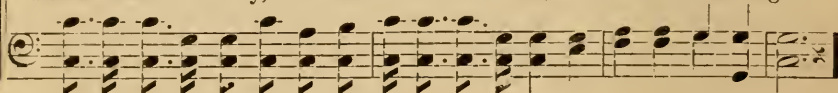
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a hundred circling camps; They have
3. He has sound ed forth the trumpet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



trampling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I have
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment - seat; Oh, be
glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He



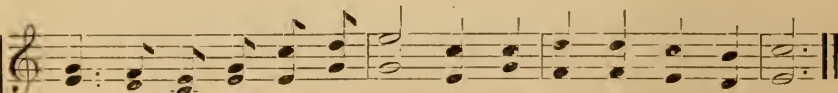
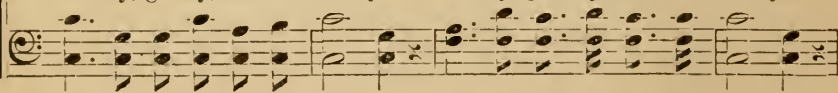
loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible, swift sword! His truth is marching on.
read His righteoussentence by the dim and flaring lamps: His truth is marching on.
swift, my soul, to answer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.



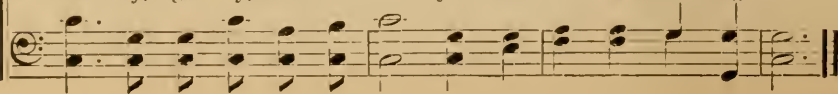
CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march ing on.



SELECTED HYMNS.

(The music to these hymns can be found in "Ocean Grove Songs,"
the numbers being given at the right.)

No. 145. Fill Me Now.

(15)

1 Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit;
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with Thy hallow'd presence,
Come, O come and fill me now.

Cuo.—Fill me now, fill me now,
Holy Spirit, fill me now;
Fill me with Thy hallow'd presence,
Come O come and fill me now.

2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
'Tho' I cannot tell Thee how;
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee,
Come, O come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At Thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me now.

4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow!
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D.

No. 146. The Comforter. (19)

1 O spread the tidings 'round, wherever
man is found,
Wherever human hearts and human woes
abound;
Let ev'ry Christian tongue proclaim the
joyful sound—
The Comforter has come!

Cuo.—The Comforter has come,
The Comforter has come!
The Holy Ghost from heav'n,
The Father's promise giv'n;
O spread the tidings 'round,
Wherever man is found—
The Comforter has come!

2 The long, long night is past, the morn-
ing breaks at last,
And hushed the dreadful wail and fury
of the blast,
As o'er the golden hills the day advances
fast—
The Comforter has come!

3 Lo! the great King of kings, with healing
in His wings,
To ev'ry captive soul a full deliv'rance
brings;
And thro' the vacant cells the song of
triumph rings—
The Comforter has come!

2 O boundless love divine! how shall this
tongue of mine
To wond'ring mortals tell the matchless
grace divine—
That I, a child of hell, should in His
image shine!
The Comforter has come!

5 Sing till the echoes fly above the vaulted
sky,
And all the saints above to all below
reply,
In strains of endless love, the song that
ne'er will die—
The Comforter has come!

Rev. F. Bottome, D.D.

No. 147. I Love to Tell.

(51)

1 I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else can do.

Cuo.—I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory.
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all the golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy Word

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest;
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have lov'd so long.

Catherine Hankey.

No. 148. Come, Sinner, Come. (33)

1 While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to own Him,
Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to know Him,
Come, sinner, come!

2 Are you too heavy laden?
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will not deceive you,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus can now redeem you,
Come, sinner, come!

3 Oh, hear His tender pleading,
Come, sinner, come!
Come and receive the blessing,
Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!

Will. E. Witter.

No. 149. A Charge to Keep. (43)

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Charles Wesley.

No. 150. Master, Speak! (45)

1 Master, speak! Thy servant heareth,
Waiting for Thy gracious word,
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth,
Master, let it now be heard.
I am list'ning, Lord, for Thee;
What hast Thou to say to me?

2 Speak to me by name, O Master!
Let me know it is to me;
Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the Rock.

3 Master, speak! tho' least and lowest,
Let me not unheard depart;
Master, speak! for O, Thou knowest
All the yearnings of my heart,
Knowest all its truest need;
Speak! and make me blest indeed.

4 Master, speak! and make me ready,
When Thy voice is truly heard,
With obedience glad and steady,
Still to follow ev'ry word.
I am list'ning, Lord, for Thee;
Master, speak! O speak to me.

Selected by Mr. Yatman.

No. 151. There is a Land. (115)

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes:
Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts.

No. 152. There's a Wideness. (125)

1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

2 There's a welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour,
There is healing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber.

No. 153. Love Divine.

(47)

- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thon art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation;
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Nevermore Thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

- 4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place,
Till we east our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Chas. Wesley.

No. 154. Come, Thou Fount. (127)

- 1 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of Thy redeeming love!
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither, by Thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood!
- 3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love:
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for Thy courts above.

R. Robinson.

No. 155. Cleansing Fountain. (122)

- 1 There is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor hisping, stamm'ring
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

William Cowper.

No. 156. Sweet Home. (65)

- 1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature
complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion
with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's
room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at
home.

CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory,
my home.

- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children
of peace,
And thrice gracious Jesus, whose love
cannot cease,
Tho' oft from Thy presence in sadness
I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory at home.
- 3 Whate'er Thon deniest, oh, give me Thy
grace!
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of
Thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at Thy
throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of
home.
- 4 I long, dearest Saviour, in Thy beauty
to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
But in Thy bright image to rise from
the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise Thee
at home.

David Venham.

No. 157. Homeward Bound. (81)

- 1 Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound, homeward
bound;
Foss'd on the waves of a rough, restless
tide,
We're homeward bound, homeward
bound;
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each He be-
stowed,
We're homeward bound, homeward
bound.
- 2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it
roars,
We're homeward bound, homeward
bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright, heav'nly
shores,
We're homeward bound, homeward
bound;
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the
wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the
gale;
Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking
sail!
We're homeward bound, homeward
bound.
- 3 We'll tell the world, as we journey along,
We're homeward bound, homeward
bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our
throng,
We're homeward bound, homeward
bound;
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and
oppressed,
Join in our number, O come and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound, homeward
bound.
- 4 Into the harbor of heav'n now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore.
We're home at last, home at last.

W. F. Warren.

No. 158. O Day of Rest. (111)

- 1 O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in time,

Sing "Holy, holy, holy,"
To the great God Triune.

- 2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heav'n:
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was giv'n.
- 3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.
- 4 New graces ever gaining,
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

C. Wordsworth.

No. 159. Jesus Saves Me. (74)

- 1 Down at the cross, on Calv'ry's moun-
tain,
Where mercies flow,
I plung'd in the redeeming fountain,
Wash'd whiter than the snow.
When nothing in the whole creation
Could purchase peace,
My Saviour bro' His free salvation,
Gave me complete release.
- CHO.—Brothers, won't you hear the story?
See the fountain flow!
Oh, glory in the highest, glory!
Jesus saves me, this I know.
- 2 When, lost in sin, my all I squandered,
Far from the fold,
My Saviour sought me where I wan-
dered,
Gave me His wealth untold.
All bonds of sin and Satan rending,
Christ made me whole:
I'll ne'er forget that joy transeending,
When Jesus sav'd my soul.

- 3 All round my way the sun is shining,
Darkness has fled;
On Jesus' breast I am reclining,
Daily by Him I'm fed.
My Lord has cast His robe around me,
No more I'll roam;
The Shepherd of the sheep has found me,
Jesus has bro't me home

No. 160. Cleansing Wave. (137)

- 1 Oh! now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide:
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save.
Points to His wounded side.
- Chor.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh! praise the Lord, it cleanseth
me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

- 2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood;
It speaks, polluted nature dies!
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.
- 3 I rise to walk in heav'n's own light,
Above the world of sin,
With heart made pure, and garments
white,
And Christ enthroned within.
- 4 Amazing grace! 'tis heav'n below,
To feel the blood applied,
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer.

No. 161. Just as I Am. (139)

- 1 Just as I am! without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 2 Just as I am! and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 3 Just as I am! tho' tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee I find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe:
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

Charlotte Elliot.

No. 162. What a Friend. (141)

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Ev'rything to God in pray'r!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
" Oh, what needless pain we bear,
Al! because we do not carry
Ev'rything to God in pray'r!

- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness,
Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in pray'r,
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 163. My Faith Looks. (97)

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my sins away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love for Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

Ray Palmer.

No. 164. Rock of Ages. (150)

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side that flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no langour know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

A. M. Toplady,

No. 165. My Jesus, I Love Thee. (152)

- 1 My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 2 I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 3 I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 4 In mansions of glory and endless delight
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

No. 166. Almighty King. (146)

- 1 Come, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father! all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!
- 2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our pray'r attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.
- 3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r!

C. Wesley.

No. 167. Marching to Zion. (92)

- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- CHO.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God!

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heav'nly fields
Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's
ground
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts.

No. 168. Firm Foundation. (157)

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
[Word!
Is laid for your faith in His excellent
What more can He say than to you He
hath said,
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?
- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
[hand,
Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

George Keith.

No. 169. Blessed Assurance. (79)

- 1 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, wash'd in His blood.
- CHO.—This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

- 2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight
Angels descending bring from above
Echoes of merey, whispers of love.
- 3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest.
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Fill'd with His goodness, lost in His love.

Fanny J. Crosby.

No. 170. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

WILLIAM W. WALFORD.

(8s. D.)

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1 { Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and (*Omit. . . .*) wish-es known! }

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.

- 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of 3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer, May I thy consolation share, [prayer,
To Him whose truth and faithfulness Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
Engage the waiting soul to bless: I view my home, and take my flight:
And since He bids me seek His face, This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
Believe His word, and trust His grace, To seize the everlasting prize;
I'll cast on Him my every care, And shout while passing through the air,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 171. JESUS, AS THOU WILT.

(142)

- 1 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
O may Thy will be mine;
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign;
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done.
- 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.

Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

- 3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
"My Lord, Thy will be done."

Benjamin Schmolke.

No. 172. All the Way. (82)

1 Oh, how dark the night that wrapt
my spirit round!
Oh, how deep the woe my Savior
found
When He walked across the waters
of my soul,
Bade my night disperse and made me
whole.

Cho.—All the way to Calvary, He went
for me,
He went for me, He went for me;
All the way to Calvary He went
for me,
He died to set me free.

2 Tremblingly a sinner bowed before
His face,
Naught I knew of pardon,—God's free
grace,
Heard a voice so melting, "Cease thy
wild regret,
Jesus bought thy pardon, paid thy
debt."

3 Oh, 'twas wondrous love the Savior
show'd for me,
When He left His throne for Calvary,
When He trod the wine-press, trod it
all alone;
Praise His name forever, make it
known.

Mrs. W. G. Moyer and I. H. M.

No. 173. All the Way Long. (52)

1 Joyful I sing as I journey each day;
All the way long it is Jesus;
Safe while He leads me, I never
shall stray;
All the way long it is Jesus.

Cho.—Jesus, Jesus,
All the way long it is Jesus;
Jesus, Jesus,
All the way long it is Jesus.

2 Tho' I am tempted and sorrow-
oppressed,
All the way long it is Jesus;
Still I can trust Him, His Spirit
gives rest;
All the way long it is Jesus.

3 Nothing shall sever my Savior from
me;
All the way long it is Jesus;
Soon in its beauty His face I shall
see;
All the way long it is Jesus.

4 There I shall sing on that beautiful
strand;
All the way long it is Jesus;
There in the presence of Christ I
shall stand;
All the way long it is Jesus.

I. H. Meredith.

No. 174. No, Not One! (36)

1 There's not a friend like the lowly
Jesus,
No, not one! no, not one!
None else could heal all our soul's
diseases,
No, not one! no, not one!

Cho.—Jesus knows all about our
struggles,
He will guide till the day is
done,
There's not a friend like the
lowly Jesus,
No, not one! no, not one!

2 No friend like Him is so high and
holy,
No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and
lowly,
No, not one! no, not one!

3 There's not an hour that He is not
near us,
No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can
cheer us,
No, not one! no, not one!

4 Did ever Saint find this friend fer-
sake him?
No, not one! no, not one!
Or sinner find that He would not
take him?
No, not one! no, not one!

5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given?
No, not one! no, not one!
Will He refuse us a home in heaven?
No, not one! no, not one!

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

No. 175. There Is a Happy. (68)

1 There is a happy land,
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day;
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Savior, King,
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,
Come away;
Why will you doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams ev'ry eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die;
Oh, then, to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
We reign for aye.

No. 176. He Rolled the Sea. (1)

1 When Israel out of bondage came,
A sea before them lay;
The Lord reached down His mighty
hand,
And rolled the sea away.

CHO.—Then forward still, 'tis Jehovah's
will,
Tho' the billows dash and
spray;
With a conquering tread we will
push ahead,
He'll roll the sea away.

2 Before me was a sea of sin,
So great I feared to pray;
My heart's desire the Savior read,
And rolled the sea away.

3 When sorrows dark, like stormy
waves,
Were dashing o'er my way;
Again the Lord in mercy came,
And rolled the sea away.

4 And when I reach the sea of death,
For needed grace I'll pray;
I know the Lord will quickly come,
And roll the sea away.

Rev. H. J. Zelly.

No. 177. Wonderful Peace. (46)

1 Far away in the depths of my spirit
to-night,
Rolls a melody sweeter than psalm;
In celestial-like strains it unceasingly
falls
O'er my soul like an infinite calm.

CHO.—Peace! peace! Wonderful peace,
Coming down from the Father
above;
Sweep over my spirit forever I
pray,
In fathomless billows of love.

2 What a treasure I have in this
wonderful peace,
Buried deep in the heart of my
soul;
So secure that no power can mine
it away,
While the years of eternity roll.

3 I am resting to-night in this won-
derful peace,
Resting sweetly in Jesus' control;
For I'm kept from all danger by
night and by day,
And His glory is flooding my soul.

4 And rethinks when I rise to that
city of peace,
Where the Author of Peace I shall
see;
That one strain of the song which
the ransom'd will sing
In that heavenly city will be.

Rev. W. D. Cornell.

No. 178. I'll Live for Him. (61)

1 My life, my love, I give to Thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
Oh, may I ever faithful be,
My Savior and my God!

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for
me,
How happy then my life shall be!
I'll live for Him who died for me,
My Savior and my God!

2 I now believe Thou dost receive,
For Thou hast died that I might live;
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee,
My Savior and my God!

3 O, Thou who died on Calvary,
To save my soul and make me free,
I consecrate my life to Thee,
My Savior and my God!

C. R. Dunbar.

No. 179. O Sing of His. (70)

1 O, bliss of the purified, bliss of the
free,
I plunge in the crimson tide opened
for me;
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I
stand,
And point to the print of the nails
in His hand.

CHO.—Ch, sing of His mighty love,
Sing of His mighty love,
Sing of His mighty love,
Mighty to save.

2 O, bliss of the purified, Jesus is
mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I
pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of His
grace,
Who lifteth upon me the light of His
face.

3 O, bliss of the purified, bliss of the
pure!
No wound hath the soul that His
blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may
sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus'
breast.

4 O, Jesus the crucified! Thee will I
sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and
my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall
shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty
to save."

Rev. Frank Bottome, D. D.

No. 180. Looking This Way. (83)

1 Over the river faces I see,
Fair as the morning, looking for me;
Free from their sorrow, grief and
despair,
Waiting and watching patiently there.

CHO.—Looking this way, yes, looking
this way;
Loved ones are waiting, looking
this way;
Fair as the morning, bright as
the day,
Dear ones in glory, looking this
way.

2 Father and mother, safe in the vale,
Watch for the boatman, wait for the
sail,
Bearing the loved ones over the tide,
Into the harbor, near to their side.

3 Brother and sister, gone to that clime,
Wait for the others, coming some
time;
Safe with the angels, whiter than
snow,
Watching for dear ones waiting below.

4 Sweet little darling, light of the home,
Looking for some one, beckoning
come;
Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the
dew,
Anxiously looking, mother, for you.

5 Jesus, the Savior, bright morning star,
Looking for lost ones straying afar,
Hear the glad message; why will you
roam?
Jesus is calling, "Sinner come home."
J. W. Van de Venter.

No. 181. Whiter Than Snow. (88)

1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly
whole;
I want Thee forever to live in my
soul;
Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry
foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

CHO.—Whiter than snow, yes, whiter
than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be
whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy
throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete
sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I
know;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly
entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified
feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy
blood flow,—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently
wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart
create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou
never said'st No.
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

James Nicholson.

No. 182. Blow Ye. (101)

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come!
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls be glad;
The year of jubilee is come!
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the lamb of God,
The all-atoning lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come!
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come!
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come!
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And saved from earth, appear
Before your Savior's face:
The year of jubilee is come!
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

No. 183. Happy Day. (94)

1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus wash'd my sins
away!
He taught me how to watch and
pray,
And live rejoicing ev'ry day.

2 'Tis done! the great transaction's
done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess that voice
divine.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With Him of every good possessed.

4 High heav'n that heard the solemn
vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

P. Doddridge.

No. 184. The Cross Is Not. (22)

1 The Cross that He gave may be
heavy,
But it ne'er outweighs His Grace,
The storm that I feared may sur-
round me,
But it ne'er excludes His face.

CHO.—The Cross is not greater than
His Grace,
The storm cannot hide His
blessed face.
I am satisfied to know
That with Jesus here below,
I can conquer ev'ry foe.

2 The thorns in my path are not
sharper
Than composed His Crown for me;
The cup that I drink not more bitter
Than He drank in Gethsemane.

3 The light of His love shineth brighter,
As it falls on paths of woe.
The toil of my work groweth lighter,
As I stoop to raise the low.

4 His will I have joy in fulfilling,
As I'm walking in His sight,
My all to the blood I am bringing,
It alone can keep me right.

B. B.

No. 185. Jesus, I My Cross. (128)

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and
known:
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

3 Haste Thee on from grace to glory.
Armed by faith, and winged by
prayer:
Heaven's eternal day's before Thee.
God's own hand shall guide Thee
there.
Soon shall close Thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass Thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to raise.

No. 186. Shall We Meet? (147)

1 Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

CHO.—Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor.
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the bright celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls its harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus
With its sweet, melodious sound?

5 Shall we meet there many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

6 Shall we meet with Christ, our
Savior.
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

H. L. Hastings.

No. 187. I am Coming. (145)

- 1 I am coming to the cross,
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

- 3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends and time and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be;
Wholly Thine forevermore.

- 4 In Thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

- 5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am ev'ry whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.
Rev. Wm. McDonald.

No. 188. The Way. (96)

- 1 I can hear my Savior calling,
I can hear my Savior calling,
I can hear my Savior calling,
"Take thy cross and follow, follow
me."

CHO.—Where He leads me I will follow,
Where He leads me I will follow,
Where He leads me I will follow,
I'll go with Him, with Him all
way.

- 2 I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
I'll go with Him, with Him all the
way.

- 3 I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
I'll go with Him, with Him all the
way.

- 4 He will give me grace and glory,
He will give me grace and glory,
He will give me grace and glory,
And go with me, with me all the
way.

No. 189. Prince of Peace. (160)

- 1 Prince of peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
Hush my spirit into peace.

- 2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
Opened wide the gate of God;
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with Thee.

- 3 May Thy will, not mine, be done;
May Thy will and mine be one;
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now Thy perfect peace impart.

- 4 Savior, at Thy feet I fall;
Thou my Life, my God, my All!
Let Thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee!

James Montgomery.

No. 190. Alas! and Did My. (132)

- 1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's, sin.

- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 191. All to Christ. (140)

- 1 I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thine all in all.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He wash'd it white as snow.

- 2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy pow'r, and that alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

- 3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

Elvina M. Hall.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

1

PSALM LXV.

1 Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

2 O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

3 Iniquities prevail against me: as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

4 Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

5 By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation: who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea:

6 Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power:

7 Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

8 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens: thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

9 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

10 Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof.

11 Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

12 They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side.

13. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

2

PSALM CIII.

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness

and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above

the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

13 Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

14 For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

15 As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

17 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon

them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

18 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

19 The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

20 Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

21 Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

22 Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

3

PSALM XLVI.

1 God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

3 Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.

4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

5 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

6 The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved. he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

7 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

8 Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

10 Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

11 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

4

PSALM CXVI.

1 I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

2 Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

3 The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold

upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.

4 Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

5 Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

6 The Lord preserveth the simple:

I was brought low, and he helped me.

7 Return unto thy rest, O my soul;
for the Lord hath dealt bountifully
with thee.

8 For thou hast delivered my soul
from death, mine eyes from tears, and
my feet from falling.

9 I will walk before the Lord in the
land of the living.

10 I believed, therefore have I
spoken: I was greatly afflicted.

11 I said in my haste, All men are
liars.

12 What shall I render unto the
Lord for all his benefits toward me?

13 I will take the cup of salvation,
and call upon the name of the Lord.

14 I will pay my vows unto the
Lord now in the presence of all his
people.

15 Precious in the sight of the Lord
is the death of his saints.

16 O Lord, truly I am thy servant;
I am thy servant, and the son of thine
handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds.

17 I will offer to thee the sacrifice
of thanksgiving, and will call upon the
name of the Lord.

18 I will pay my vows unto the
Lord now in the presence of all his
people,

19 In the courts of the Lord's house,
in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem.
Praise ye the Lord.

5

PSALM CXII.

1 Praise ye the Lord. Blessed is
the man that feareth the Lord, that
delighteth greatly in his command-
ments.

2 His seed shall be mighty upon
earth: the generation of the upright
shall be blessed.

3 Wealth and riches shall be in his
house: and his righteousness endureth
for ever.

4 Unto the upright there ariseth
light in the darkness: he is gracious,
and full of compassion, and righteous.

5 A good man sheweth favour, and
lendeth: he will guide his affairs with
discretion.

6 Surely he shall not be moved for

ever. the righteous shall be in ever-
lasting remembrance.

7 He shall not be afraid of evil
tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in
the Lord.

8 His heart is established, he shall
not be afraid, until he see his desire
upon his enemies.

9 He hath dispersed, he hath given
to the poor; his righteousness en-
dureth for ever; his horn shall be
exalted with honour.

10 The wicked shall see it, and be
grieved; he shall gnash with his teeth,
and melt away: the desire of the
wicked shall perish.

6

PSALM XXXIX.

1 I said, I will take heed to my
ways, that I sin not with my tongue:
I will keep my mouth with a bridle,
while the wicked is before me.

2 I was dumb with silence, I held
my peace, even from good; and my
sorrow was stirred.

3 My heart was hot within me;
while I was musing the fire burned:
then spake I with my tongue.

4 Lord, make me to know mine end,
and the measure of my days, what it
is; that I may know how frail I am.

5 Behold, thou hast made my days

as an handbreadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity. Selah.

6 Surely every man walketh in a vain shew: surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

7 And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee.

8 Deliver me from all my transgressions: make me not the reproach of the foolish.

9 I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it.

10 Remove thy stroke away from me: I am consumed by the blow of thine hand.

11 When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth: surely every man is vanity. Selah.

12 Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry; hold not thy peace at my tears: for I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

13 O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more.

7

PSALM LXII.

1 Truly my soul waiteth upon God: from him cometh my salvation.

2 He only is my rock and my salvation; he is my defence: I shall not be greatly moved.

3 How long will ye imagine mischief against a man? ye shall be slain all of you: as a bowing wall shall ye be, and as a tottering fence.

4 They only consult to cast him down from his excellency: they delight in lies: they bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly. Selah.

5 My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him.

6 He only is my rock and my salvation: he is my defence: I shall not be moved.

7 In God is my salvation and my

glory: the rock of my strength and my refuge, is in God.

8 Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us. Selah.

9 Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie: to be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity.

10 Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery: if riches increase, set not your heart upon them.

11 God hath spoken once: twice have I heard this; that power belongeth unto God.

12 Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy: for thou renderest to every man according to his work.

8

PSALM XLV.

1 My heart is inditing a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made touching the King: my tongue is the pen of a ready writer.

2 Thou art fairer than the children of men: grace is poured into thy lips: therefore God hath blessed thee for ever.

3 Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most Mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty.

4 And in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth and meekness and righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.

5 Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the King's enemies; whereby the people fall under thee.

6 Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre.

7 Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness: therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

8 All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad.

9 Kings' daughters were among thy honourable women: upon thy right hand did stand the queen in gold of Ophir.

10 Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget

also thine own people, and thy father's house;

11 So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty: for he is thy Lord; and worship thou him.

12 And the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift; even the rich among the people shall entreat thy favour.

13 The King's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold.

14 She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needlework: the virgins her companions that follow her shall be brought unto thee.

15 With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought: they shall enter into the King's palace.

16 Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth.

17 I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations: therefore shall the people praise thee for ever and ever.

9

PSALM XLVIII.

1 Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.

2 Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King.

3 God is known in her palaces for a refuge.

4 For, lo, the kings were assembled, they passed by together.

5 They saw it, and so they marvelled; they were troubled, and hasted away.

6 Fear took hold upon them there, and pain, as of a woman in travail.

7 Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind.

8 As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of hosts,

in the city of our God: God will establish it for ever. Selah.

9 We have thought of thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

10 According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth: thy right hand is full of righteousness.

11 Let mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments.

12 Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof.

13 Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following.

14 For this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death.

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

10 There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

11 For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

12 They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

14 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

15 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

16 With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

1 Preserve me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust.

2 O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord: my goodness extendeth not to thee;

3 But to the saints that are in the earth, and to the excellent, in whom is all my delight.

4 Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god: their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take up their names into my lips.

5 The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot.

6 The lines are fallen unto me in

pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.

7 I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel: my reins also instruct me in the night seasons.

8 I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

9 Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope.

10 For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

11 Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

1 It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High:

2 To shew forth thy lovingkindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery; upon the harp with a solemn sound.

4 For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

5 O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep.

6 A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a fool understand this.

7 When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish; it is that they shall be destroyed for ever:

8 But thou, Lord, art most high for evermore.

9 For, lo, thine enemies, O Lord. for, lo, thine enemies shall perish; all the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.

10 But my horn shalt thou exalt like the horn of a unicorn: I shall be anointed with fresh oil.

11 Mine eye also shall see my desire on mine enemies, and mine ears shall hear my desire of the wicked that rise up against me.

12 The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

13 Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.

14 They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing.

15 To shew that the Lord is upright: he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him.

1 As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

3 My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

4 When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.

5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

6 O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of

the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.

7 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

8 Yet the Lord will command his lovingkindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

9 I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

10 As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?

11 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

1 Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us,
but unto thy name give glory, for thy
mercy, and for, thy truth's sake.

2 Wherefore should the heathen
say, Where is now their God?

3 But our God is in the heavens:
he hath done whatsoever he hath
pleased.

4 Their idols are silver and gold,
the work of men's hands.

5 They have mouths, but they speak
not: eyes have they, but they see not:

6 They have ears, but they hear not:
noses have they, but they smell not:

7 They have hands, but they handle
not: feet have they, but they walk
not: neither speak they through their
throat.

8 They that make them are like
unto them; so is every one that trust-
eth in them.

9 O Israel, trust thou in the Lord:
he is their help and their shield.

10 O house of Aaron, trust in the
Lord: he is their help and their shield.

11 Ye that fear the Lord, trust in
the Lord: he is their help and their
shield.

12 The Lord hath been mindful of
us: he will bless us; he will bless the
house of Israel; he will bless the
house of Aaron.

13 He will bless them that fear the
Lord, both small and great.

14 The Lord shall increase you
more and more, you and your children.

15 Ye are blessed of the Lord which
made heaven and earth.

16 The heaven, even the heavens,
are the Lord's: but the earth hath he
given to the children of men.

17 The dead praise not the Lord,
neither any that go down into silence.

18 But we will bless the Lord from
this time forth and for evermore:
Praise the Lord.

1 Praise ye the Lord. Praise the
Lord, O my soul.

2 While I live will I praise the
Lord: I will sing praises unto my God
while I have any being.

3 Put not your trust in princes, nor
in the son of man, in whom there is
no help.

4 His breath goeth forth, he re-
turneth to his earth; in that very day
his thoughts perish.

5 Happy is he that hath the God of
Jacob for his help, whose hope is in
the Lord his God:

6 Which made heaven, and earth,

the sea, and all that therein is: which
keepeth truth for ever:

7 Which executeth judgment for the
oppressed: which giveth food to the
hungry. The Lord looseth the pris-
oners:

8 The Lord openeth the eyes of the
blind: the Lord raiseth them that are
bowed down: the Lord loveth the
righteous:

9 The Lord preserveth the strang-
ers, he relieveth the fatherless and
widow: but the way of the wicked he
turneth upside down.

10 The Lord shall reign for ever,
even thy God, O Zion, unto all gen-
erations. Praise ye the Lord.

1 The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.

2 Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

3 A fire goeth before him, and burneth up his enemies round about.

4 His lightnings enlightened the world: the earth saw, and trembled.

5 The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

6 The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory.

7 Confounded be all they that serve

graven images, that boast themselves of idols: worship him, all ye gods.

8 Zion heard, and was glad; and the daughters of Judah rejoiced because of thy judgments, O Lord.

9 For thou, Lord, art high above all the earth: thou art exalted far above all gods.

10 Ye that love the Lord, hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints; he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

11 Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

12 Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous; and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

1 Judge me, O Lord; for I have walked in mine integrity: I have trusted also in the Lord; therefore I shall not slide.

2 Examine me, O Lord, and prove me; try my reins and my heart.

3 For thy lovingkindness is before mine eyes: and I have walked in thy truth.

4 I have not sat with vain persons, neither will I go in with dissemblers.

5 I have hated the congregation of evil doers; and will not sit with the wicked.

6 I will wash mine hands in innocency: so will I compass thine altar, O Lord:

7 That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works.

8 Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth.

9 Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men:

10 In whose hands is mischief, and their right hand is full of bribes.

11 But as for me, I will walk in mine integrity: redeem me, and be merciful unto me.

12 My foot standeth in an even place: in the congregations will I bless the Lord.

1 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 When I kept silence, my bones

waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah.

5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee,

and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.

6 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found: surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

7 Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah.

8 I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

9 Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.

10 Many sorrows shall be to the wicked: but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

11 Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

19

PSALM II.

1 Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?

2 The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his Anointed, saying,

3 Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.

4 He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision.

5 Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure.

6 Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion.

7 I will declare the decree: the

Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee.

8 Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

9 Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

10 Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

11 Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.

12 Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

20

PSALM XL.

1 I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

2 He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

3 And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God:

many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

4 Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

5 Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to

us-ward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.

6 Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened: burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.

7 Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me.

8 I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart.

9 I have preached righteousness in the great congregation: lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.

10 I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation: I have not concealed thy lovingkindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

11 Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord: let thy lovingkindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

12 For innumerable evils have compassed me about, mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me.

13 Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me: O Lord, make haste to help me.

14 Let them be ashamed and confounded together that seek after my soul to destroy it; let them be driven backward and put to shame that wish me evil.

15 Let them be desolate for a reward of their shame that say unto me, Aha, aha.

16 Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee: let such as love thy salvation say continually, The Lord be magnified.

17 But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me: thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God.

21

PSALM LXIII.

1 O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

2 To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

3 Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

4 Thus will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in thy name.

5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness: and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:

6 When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

7 Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

8 My soul followeth hard after thee, thy right hand upholdeth me.

9 But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

10 They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.

11 But the king shall rejoice in God: every one that sweareth by him shall glory: but the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

1 O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

2 Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; shew forth his salvation from day to day.

3 Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people.

4 For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods.

5 For all the gods of the nations are idols: but the Lord made the heavens.

6 Honour and majesty are before him: strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

7 Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

8 Give unto the Lord the glory due

unto his name: bring an offering, and come into his courts.

9 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth.

10 Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth. the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: he shall judge the people righteously.

11 Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.

12 Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice

13 Before the Lord: for he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth; he shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

1 Lord, thou hast been favourable unto thy land: thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob.

2 Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people; thou hast covered all their sin. Selah.

3 Thou hast taken away all thy wrath: thou hast turned thyself from the fierceness of thine anger.

4 Turn us, O God of our salvation, and cause thine anger toward us to cease.

5 Wilt thou be angry with us for ever? wilt thou draw out thine anger to all generations?

6 Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy people may rejoice in thee?

7 Shew us thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us thy salvation.

8 I will hear what God the Lord will speak: for he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints: but let them not turn again to folly.

9 Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him; that glory may dwell in our land.

10 Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

11 Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven.

12 Yea, the Lord shall give that which is good; and our land shall yield her increase.

13 Righteousness shall go before him; and shall set us in the way of his steps.

1 Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands:

2 Sing forth the honour of his name: make his praise glorious.

3 Say unto God, How terrible art thou in thy works! through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee.

4 All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee; they shall sing to thy name. Selah.

5 Come and see the works of God: he is terrible in his doing toward the children of men.

6 He turned the sea into dry land: they went through the flood on foot: there did we rejoice in him.

7 He ruleth by his power for ever; his eyes behold the nations: let not the rebellious exalt themselves. Selah.

8 O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard:

9 Which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.

10 For thou, O God, hast proved us: thou hast tried us, as silver is tried.

11 Thou broughtest us into the net; thou laidst affliction upon our loins.

12 Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water; but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.

13 I will go into thy house with burnt offerings: I will pay thee my vows,

14 Which my lips have uttered, and my mouth hath spoken, when I was in trouble.

15 I will offer unto thee burnt sacrifices of fatlings, with the incense of rams: I will offer bullocks with goats. Selah.

16 Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.

17 I cried unto him with my mouth, and he was extolled with my tongue.

18 If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me:

19 But verily God hath heard me; he hath attended to the voice of my prayer.

20 Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me.

1 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

3. Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

4 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord

all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

8 When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

9 Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

10 When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

11 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and

lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

12 Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies: for false witnessses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

13 I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

14 Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

26

PSALM CXXXII.

1 Lord, remember David, and all his afflictions:

2 How he sware unto the Lord, and vowed unto the mighty God of Jacob;

3 Surely I will not come into the tabernacle of my house, nor go up into my bed;

4 I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids,

5 Until I find out a place for the Lord, an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob.

6 Lo, we heard of it at Ephratah, we found it in the fields of the wood.

7 We will go into his tabernacles: we will worship at his footstool.

8 Arise, O Lord, into thy rest; thou, and the ark of thy strength.

9 Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness; and let thy saints shout for joy.

10 For thy servant David's sake turn not away the face of thine anointed.

11 The Lord hath sworn in truth

unto David; he will not turn from it; Of the fruit of thy body will I set upon thy throne.

12 If thy children will keep my covenant and my testimony that I shall teach them, their children shall also sit upon thy throne for evermore.

13 For the Lord hath chosen Zion: he hath desired it for his habitation.

14 This is my rest for ever: here will I dwell; for I have desired it.

15 I will abundantly bless her provision: I will satisfy her poor with bread.

16 I will also clothe her priests with salvation: and her saints shall shout aloud for joy.

17 There will I make the horn of David to bud: I have ordained a lamp for mine anointed.

18 His enemies will I clothe with shame: but upon himself shall his crown flourish.

27

PSALM XXIV.

1 The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates;

and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

28

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 Bow down thine ear, O Lord, hear me: for I am poor and needy.

2 Preserve my soul; for I am holy: O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.

3 Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for I cry unto thee daily.

4 Rejoice the soul of thy servant: for unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

5 For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.

6 Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer; and attend to the voice of my supplications.

7 In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee: for thou wilt answer me.

8 Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord; neither are there any works like unto thy works.

9 All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord; and shall glorify thy name.

10 For thou art great, and doest wondrous things: thou art God alone.

11 Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will walk in thy truth: unite my heart to fear thy name.

12 I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart: and I will glorify thy name for evermore.

13 For great is thy mercy toward me: and thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell.

14 O God, the proud are risen against me, and the assemblies of violent men have sought after my soul; and have not set thee before them.

15 But thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious, long-suffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth.

16 O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me; give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thine handmaid.

17 Shew me a token for good; that they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed: because thou, Lord, hast holpen me, and comforted me.

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles,
O Lord of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Selah.

5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

6 Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.

7 They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

8 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah.

9 Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

10 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

11 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and glad-

ness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and unhold me with thy free Spirit.

13 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

14 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

15 O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

16 For thou desirest not sacrifice;

else would I give it: thou delightest
not in burnt offering.

17 The sacrifices of God are a
broken spirit, a broken and con-
trite heart, O God, thou wilt not de-
spise.

18 Do good in -thy good pleasure

unto Z̄ion: build thou the walls of
Jerusalem.

19 Then shalt thou be pleased with
the sacrifices of righteousness, with
burnt offering and whole burnt offer-
ing: then shall they offer bullocks
upon thine altar.

CONCERT READINGS

31

SUNDAY

[Mark 2:27, 28.]

27 And he said unto them, The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath:

28 Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath.

[Exodus 20:8, 9, 10, 11.]

8 Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.

9 Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work:

10 But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:

11 For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

[Isaiah 58:13, 14.]

13 If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words:

14 Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

[Isaiah 56:2.]

2 Blessed is the man that doeth this, and the son of man that layeth hold on it; that keepeth the sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil.

32

MONDAY

[Matthew 5:1 to 16 inclusive.]

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

13 Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, where-

with shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

14 Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

15 Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

16 Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

33

TUESDAY

[I. Corinthians 13.]

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

5 Charity not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all

things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; where there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

34

WEDNESDAY

[Isaiah 53.]

1 Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

2 For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

3 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

4 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

5 But he was wounded for our

transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

7 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

8 He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

9 And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no vio-

lence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

10 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

11 He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

12 Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

35

THURSDAY

[Isaiah 35.]

1 The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

2 It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.

3 Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.

4 Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; he will come and save you.

5 Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

6 Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb

sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

7 And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

8 And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

9 No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there:

10 And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

[Romans 12:1 to 9 inclusive.]

1 I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

2 And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

3 For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.

4 For as we have many members in

one body, and all members have not the same office:

5 So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

6 Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith;

7 Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching;

8 Or he that exhorteth, on exhortation: he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness.

9 Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

[John 15:1 to 11 inclusive.]

1 I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

2 Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

3 Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.

4 Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

5 I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.

6 If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is with-

ered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

7 If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

8 Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

9 As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.

10 If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.

11 These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

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